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Mail

Uganda

Sir:—Permit me to take exception to one statement in an otherwise excellent article in your "Science and Medicine" section of a recent issue. The writer refers to the fine teeth of "the backward, uncivilized peoples, like the Uganda blacks." Now where in the world did he get the notion that the inhabitants of Uganda are either backward or uncivilized?

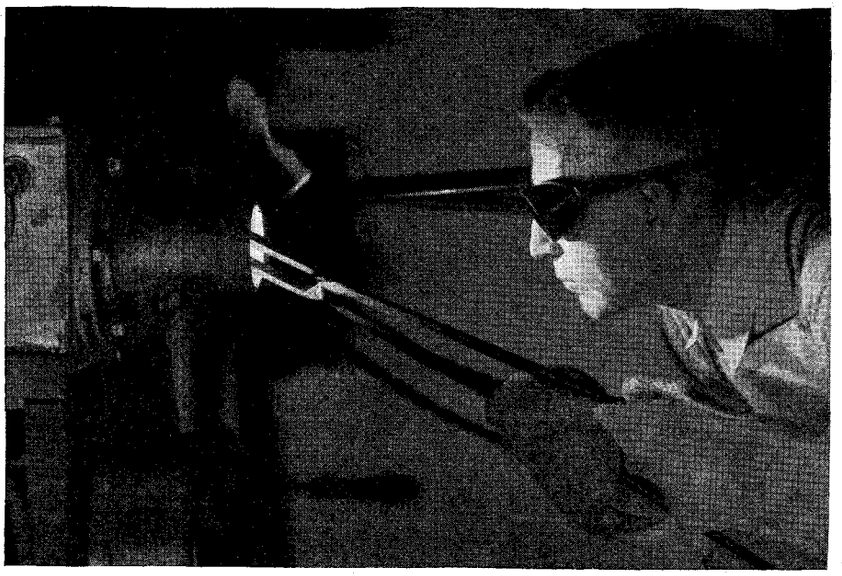
Some idea of the antiquity of this empire may be gathered from the fact that there have been 600 Kabakas or Kings of Uganda in direct line. Commenting on the Baganda, the dominant people of the Empire, Lord Lugard has written:

> "so far as we are aware, no purely pagan tribe in Africa . . . has ever developed so extraordinary a social, political, and even legal system as was found at the time of its discovery."

Few more enlightened or better ruled States can be found in Africa or anywhere else. George Padmore in "How Britain Rules Africa" writes:

> "Uganda is undoubtedly one of the most

(Continued on page 39)



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The Literary Digest
NEW YORK JULY 18, 1936

Topics of the day

THE WEST IN BLACK CRISIS OF DROUGHT

Government and Scientists Aroused; Heat Also Sears the East

Five obscure men, widely separated, unknown to one another, but united by a common despair, got wearily out of their beds one morning last week and looked at the dawn, symbol of hope. It mocked them. The hard green-blue sheen of the sky told of another day of the merciless heat that was slowly blighting hundreds of thousands of lives even as it seared the earth and devastated the crops.

The first of the five men to see the sun that morning watched it rise above the Minnesota horizon. Its sharp rays, scorching even then, and the cloudless sky meant another day of drought, of hopeless waiting for the rain that might yet save him and his family from pauperdom.

For a month the drought had maintained its dry, killing grip. Then came the heat, shooting the thermometer up to 105, to 110, to 114—even to 120 at Wishek, North Dakota—in a record-breaking, heart-breaking wave. The farmer saw his prospects of cash income burning up as wheat and flax and feed crops began to wither. Gone for the most part, too, were his chances of making money from sales of cattle, sheep and hogs.

He had little grain or hay carried over from previous years. He had little or no feed for his dairy herd. Thousands of his fellow farmers in county after county of Minnesota were in the same plight. Only once had they had a bumper crop, far back in 1924. But they still had hope. Their situation was not so bad as that in other States. Rain—if it would only come—might save them from complete ruin.

Blacker despair gripped the man in overalls who saw the sun rise a little later. From the doorstep of his South Dakota home he greeted the dawn with a resignation born of three years of futile effort to regain his economic independence. He saw his family and his neighbors facing actual starvation this fall except for the possibility of realizing on a slim corn crop. Long ago he had lost all hope of buying a new dress for his wife, shoes for his children, a suit for himself.

Hopes Destroyed—All about him were the evidences of human sorrow caused by a freak of indifferent Nature. Last spring, in an effort to recoup the losses of three successive crop failures, he had plunged with his planting. But now his small grains were gone, his corn and forage going, and with them the small herds of thirsty, hungry, bellowing live stock.

Wells were drying up, grasshoppers were stripping the remaining greenery down to the dirt, trees were dying, the hot winds were beginning to stir the brown earth, threatening a repetition of the "black blizzards" of the 1934 drought when thousands of tons of fertile soil were swept skyward. Along with everything else, the average South Dakota farmer was loaded with debt, mortgages, seed loans, harvest loans, feed loans.

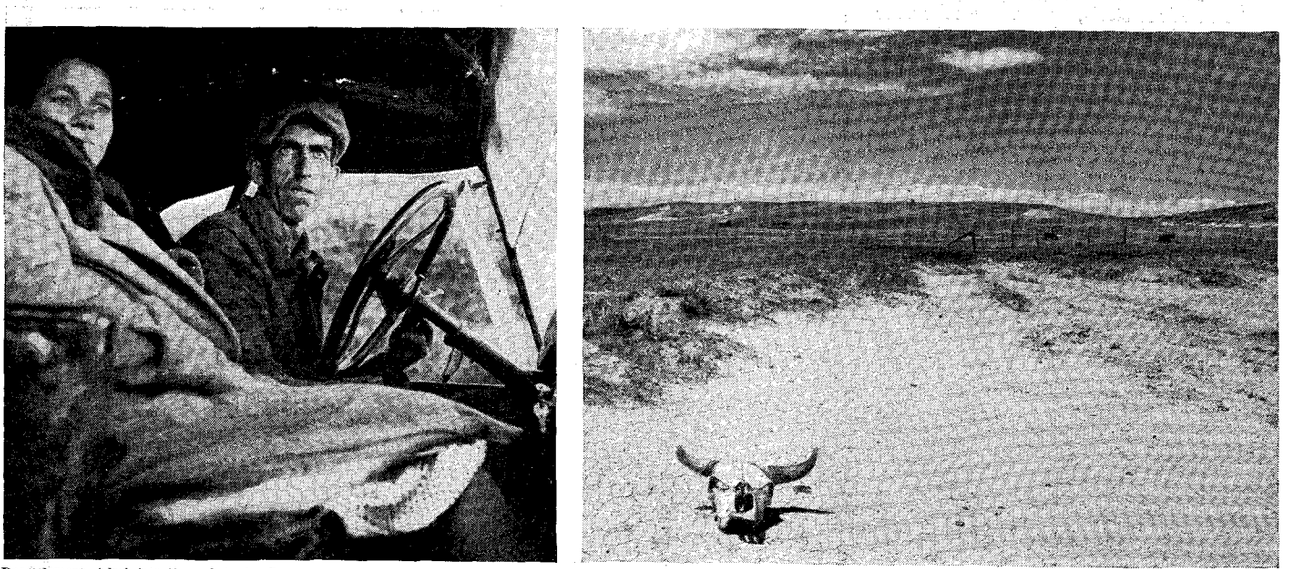
To the north, another farmer greeted the same sunrise with the same despair. For drought has brought tragedy to nearly every family in North Dakota, "a Federal dependency for three years." In whole townships there was not enough hay to feed one cow. With wells dry as dust, many farmers were hauling water twenty miles. Some people were clinging to their homes because they had no other place to go. Their gardens were burnt black, their fields devastated. They had no recourse but Federal relief.

Famishing Cattle—In the same way, the sunrise meant only despair to the average Montana farmer. Farmers and stockmen were hurrying to ship out cattle before they starved to death. Grasshoppers consumed whatever vegetation the drought had not killed. Thousands of men turned to the Federal Government for the means of feeding and clothing their families. Here again, actual starvation was forecast for thousands unless immediate aid was received. By contrast, both the Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks reported the largest influx of tourists in the State's history.

A similar scene of devastation was seen by the Wyoming rancher. His herds were threatened as even the tough range grass withered in the record-breaking heat. Stock water-holes dried up, streams dwindled and disappeared. In many cases cattle, too weak to be driven, were trucked to railroads to be shipped out. Forest and prairie fires forced hundreds of families to flee. Here again a horde of grasshoppers made sure that the rancher would have no chance.

These five farmers typified the most severe phases of a wide-spread disaster that made 204,000 families dependent upon relief and affected, in some degree, between 3,000,000 and 5,000,000 persons in half of the States. The drought, striking as far East as New York State, West into the Rockies and as far South as northern Texas, had caused a total loss last week of more than $300,000,000—and the end was not in sight.

As the Federal Government, under the



Resettlement Administration photo by Lange

Victims of the drought, facing death and desolation, make their escape as best they can

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Temperature Records

Highest recorded temperatures (in the shade):

Azizia, Tripoli—136 degrees Fahrenheit.
Death Valley—134.
Sahara Desert—132.8.

Temperatures of American resorts, average, in early July, 1936, heat wave:

Hot Springs, Virginia—69.4.
Hot Springs, Arkansas—81.5.
Colorado Springs, Colorado—72.2.
Bar Harbor, Maine—65.9.
Yellowstone Park—61.5.
Miami Beach (temperature July 9)—86.

Record 1936 drought temperatures at primary weather stations:

Bismarck, North Dakota—114.
Keokuk, Iowa—108.
Rapid City, South Dakota—106.
Concordia, Kansas—106.
Miles City, Montana—108.
Moorhead, Minnesota—114.
Omaha, Nebraska—110.
Phœnix, Arizona—114.
Wishek, N. D.—120 (secondary station).

direction of President Roosevelt, swung into action on several fronts to save human lives, provide food and jobs, and preserve cattle stocks, hope was expressed that the cooling rains that blessed the Northwest last Sunday meant that this disaster would not reach the proportions of the drought of 1934.

Air-borne Affliction—In that drought one of the worst afflictions was the dust-storms that sprang out of the "dust-bowl" and spread as far East as the Atlantic. These "black blizzards" were being repeated on a smaller scale last week.

They are probably harder on human morale than any other phases of the deadening dry spell. Hot winds, tearing up the top-soil, leave thousands of acres of unfertile fields. Then the dust is deposited in drifts on fields perhaps hundreds of miles away, doing double damage by killing growing crops.

Highways are blocked, motoring and aviation are made dangerous, humans and cattle are seriously afflicted. The dust permeates everywhere. People put ointment in their nostrils, wear wet cloths over their mouths, sleep with their windows shut.

But the dust creeps in, irritating throat and eyes and lungs, spoiling food, covering furniture and floors till housekeeping becomes a nightmare.

One of the first actions taken by President Roosevelt last week was to outline a long-term program of soil conservation whereby the dust-storms can be combated and thousands of farms and ranches saved. His immediate problem, however, was to meet the urgent need—"first things first," in his phrase.

Official Drives—He gave "full speed ahead" orders to five Government agencies—the Department of Agriculture, the Rural Resettlement Administration, the WPA, Public Health Service and the United States Children's Bureau.

In the emergency zone, the President said, there were 2,718,000 people living on 570,000 farms. So great was the potential problem, unless rain saved the situation, that he hinted the $1,425,000,000 relief fund recently voted by Congress might prove insufficient.

Slashing red tape, the Rural Resettlement Administration quickly set aside $393,000,000 for "starvation relief." Families were to be saved from hunger by $20-a-month allotments. At the same time the WPA authorized 70,000 jobs to put farmers at work on water and soil conservation projects in the areas hardest hit. Between 25,000 and 30,000 farmers had one worry lifted when the Government declared a year's moratorium on rehabilitation loans.

To direct work relief in the South—the Carolinas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi—the RRA opened an office at Atlanta, Georgia. This section alone had 20,000 on the relief rolls.

Modifying its soil conservation program to help 2,718,000 farmers in the corn belt, the Department of Agriculture also provided loans for shipping cattle from stricken regions.

Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace, with a tentative allotment of $5,000,000, stood ready to launch a cattle-buying program.

Previous Instance—Such a program was one of the most important steps taken in the drought of 1934, the worst in American history. More than 8,000,000 cattle were bought at a cost of about $100,000,000. Of these, 4,700,000 were slaughtered and processed, the meat being distributed to relief agencies.

In that year, general crop production was less than 32 per cent. of the ten-year average. Congress, in session when the drought became severe, appropriated $500,000,000. The Administration immediately began to fight effects of the drought through the multiple services of the AAA, Department of Agriculture, FERA and Farm Credit Administration. Rains broke that drought in late August and early September.

Last week, President Roosevelt, like every one else, was unable to forecast what steps the Government might yet have to take, how much money it might have to spend in the current disaster. He did say, however, even as the grain markets were soaring as the grain itself withered on 10,000 farms, that there would be no shortage of wheat.

His statement, made at the same time that he announced a plan to visit the Dakota drought areas in August, received seeming substantiation in the Government's crop estimate of July 10. The report of the Federal Crop Reporting Board estimated winter wheat, most of which had been harvested before the drought, at 512,085,000 bushels, an increase over last year of 48,000,000 bushels.

How Drought Affected Markets

	June 9, 1936	July 9, 1936
Wheat, per bushel (cash)	$1.07¼	$1.29⅞
Corn, per bushel	.77¾	.98½
Rye, per bushel	.69⅝	.82½
Oats, per bushel	.38	.51
Hogs, per 100 pounds	10.20	10.85
Cattle, per 100 pounds	8.65	9.00

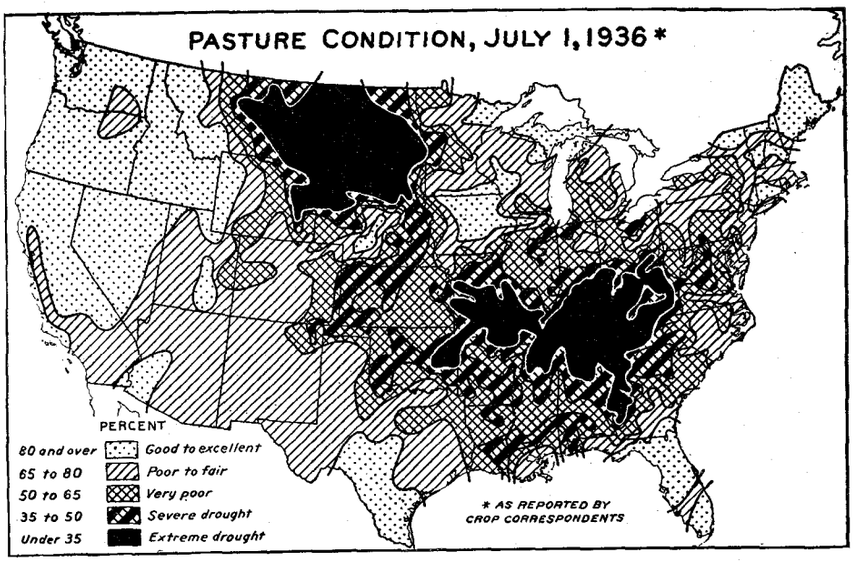
Other Estimates—On the other hand, spring wheat, the principal crop of the drought regions, was put at 126,314,000 bushels, 33,000,000 below last year. But this figure did not tell the whole story, it was admitted, since the estimate was made as of July 1, and ten searing days had followed.

The corn crop was put at 2,244,834,000 bushels, 153,205,000 above 1935. But here again there was doubt, since corn had suffered severely since the estimate was made.

Disaster and devastation were not limited to the main drought States as the wave of heat swept on, scorching much of the East. Day after day of relentless heat took suffering to congested metropolitan areas where the unfortunate sweltered on fire escapes and blistering pavements and stoops.

Some apparently more fortunate sought relief at watering places—and died. Two hundred dead from drought, heat, drowning, was the Eastern toll as the week began—sixty-eight in New York City and thirty-nine more in other parts of New York State; twenty-eight in New Jersey, thirty-one in Pennsylvania, five in Delaware and thirty in New England. The killing heat of the direct sun was so intense it weakened huge steel beams of Manhattan bridges, warped raised sections so they could not be lowered.

Scientific Problem—While the heat wave spread East and West, taking a toll of



Wide World

The drought area, as depicted in a map prepared for President Roosevelt

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more than 700 lives, Government officials, scientists, business men and farmers pondered the question of what to do about the "dust-bowl." One school of thought holds that it is fated to become a desert. The other maintains that careful conservation measures, diligently followed over a long period, will prevent such a calamity.

The latter blame the terrible effects of the drought on several causes, the denuding of forests, the plowing of millions of acres of grasslands, exposing them to water and wind erosion, and the failure to conserve water.

They maintain that conservation of water by creating lakes and digging wells, as planned by the WPA, plus returning cultivated land to pasturage, would remedy the evil.

Others hold that droughts come in cycles and that nothing can be done about it. For instance, Dr. A. E. Douglas of the Steward Observatory of the University of Arizona, tells of a great drought that struck the Chaco Canyon region of New Mexico six centuries ago, causing the abandonment of forty Indian villages in that region and driving the inhabitants south.

That section is still a desert. Doctor Douglas got part of his evidence from tree-rings, which show the relative supply of moisture year by year.

Bureau's View—But the United States Weather Bureau said, after the 1934 drought, that there was nothing to indicate that it constituted "a permanent change to desertlike conditions." There have been, it added, "great climatic changes in geologic times. That is, large areas of the United States have moisture conditions at present very unlike those prevailing a great many centuries ago, but certainly no marked permanent change in climate has taken place within the last few years.

"On the contrary, the longest available rainfall records indicate that the 1934 drought . . . is but what may naturally be expected to occur at comparatively long records of thirty to forty years."

Not only scientists but politicians had something to say about the drought. John D. M. Hamilton, Republican National Chairman, attacked the Administration's crop curtailment program as threatening a food shortage this fall.

While many political observers saw the drought as a political "break" for the President on the ground that relief work will bring him votes, Mr. Hamilton said he thought it had no political aspects.

"It does not mean," he asserted, "that the American farmer is going to be influenced in his voting by a few Federal dollars."

The Administration, and Democratic editors generally, ignored Hamilton's statement.

Drought Oddities

In Bismarck, North Dakota, farmers were latching their ducks inside their coops. So many were collapsing from the heat.

In Des Moines, Iowa, District Judge Frank F. Shankland stated that the hot weather, making people short-tempered, was spurring divorces.

Publicity men for South American steamship lines reported crisp winter weather and good skiing in Chile.

In Green Bay, Wisconsin, M. H. Ehrich, salesman, filled a tub in the back of his automobile with ice and closed the windows to enjoy his own air-conditioning system.

Dr. Louis F. Jaggard, a medical missionary in the Belgian Congo since 1908, visited Iowa and found it hotter than the equator.

In Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, Mrs. W. J. Sizer found an onion in her garden "baked half-way through."

In Oak Park, Illinois, streets became so liquid they had to be covered with sand before they could safely be driven over.

Wide World

Council members of the A. F. of L.: their meeting did not settle the family fight

LABOR CRISIS: Threats by Green Fail to Stop Steel Unionization Drive by Lewis

Photographers' lamps, lending their glare to that of the sun, blistered the bleak and barren executive chambers on the seventh floor of the American Federation of Labor Building in Washington one torrid afternoon last week.

Nine electric fans merely churned the hot air in the rooms.

Before their linen began to crumple and their faces to steam, A.F.L. Councilmen posed for pictures which would show them entering upon an awkward crisis—the gravest in the Federation's fifty-six years.

If they carried out their avowed intent to defend craft-unionism by suspending the more than a million union men backing vertical organization for mass industries, their action would shatter labor solidarity at a crucial time.

In Pennsylvania, Ohio, Alabama and Illinois a drive to unionize the 500,000 men in the steel industry along vertical lines had survived its first shock. In Michigan, organizers were planning to line up similarly the 350,000 automobile workers. But it all came back to Washington. There lies the key to the future of the labor movement in America.

Politics and government are involved as they never have been before. Last week, George L. Berry, President of Labor's Non-Partizan League, declared that 2,000,000 union-labor votes had been lined up behind President Roosevelt's campaign for reelection.

Roosevelt Consulted—Both rival leaders in the Federation feud visited the White House last week. Soft-spoken William Green, Federation President, personally indorses the President, altho the Federation has maintained its official policy of non-partizanship.

Hard-hitting John L. Lewis, leader of the insurgent Committee for Industrial Organization, has pledged his followers unstintingly to the New Deal. Last week he told the President that the steel industry's resistance to unionization had rallied labor support even further.

If Lewis and Green came to loggerheads, what would become of labor's united front for the Administration? To which camp would the Administration throw its obvious labor sympathies?

Half an hour late at council headquarters because of his White House call, President Green stalled off the show-down. Eight unions (grown to twelve since the summons) had been ordered to follow him instead of Lewis, to put craft-unions ahead of industrial unions.

He gave them added time to return meekly to the fold, knowing well that they would not.

Wherever they stood in the family fight, workers could see concrete evidence of the tightening bond between labor and government.

Pledge of State Aid—Governor Earle of Pennsylvania backed up a promise made last week by Lieut. Gov. Thomas Kennedy, Secretary-Treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America, that the State would care for men who lost their jobs in the drive to unionize the steel industry.

Somebody dug up a statement of policy made by Federal Relief Administrator Hopkins in 1934 authorizing local relief agencies to furnish aid to families of striking wage-earners unless it was found that "the basis for a strike is unreasonable and unjustified."

Sometimes, as in the building service and garment workers' strikes in New York, States help strikers. Never before has a specific pledge of aid been given in advance of a strike.

Labor's fate in politics rests in a definition of terms. The Wagner Labor Act and the Democratic platform protect collective

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bargaining by employees from interference "by employers." The aroused American Iron and Steel Institute and the Republican platform want collective bargaining kept from interference "from any source."

That now controversial phrase came first, paradoxically, from the lips of President Roosevelt himself. After a threatened automobile strike in 1934, he saw the Government's duty as securing "absolute and uninfluenced choice without coercion, restraint or intimidation from any source."

Editorial Views—Amid these confusions, Steel, if the magazine *Iron Age* may speak for it, feels that it has become the "whipping boy of the political campaign." The Government is investigating charges of collusive bidding, the use of spies and of arms in the steel plants.

Lewis, challenger of Steel's open shop, looks more and more like the man who holds the answer—inside labor, in the industry and even in politics.

"Around his person may develop in the next four years the greatest storm which has shaken our basic industries since their inception," Dorothy Thompson writes portentously in her syndicated newspaper column.

"Hardly are the political conventions over than he openly declares war. He knows that the moment is profoundly propitious. . . . He arrives at precisely the moment when the objective historian would expect him. And to arrive at the historically correct moment is almost a definition of a man of destiny."

U. S. ENLARGED: Colorado Governor to Plant Flags on a Maverick Strip

On August 8, 726 residents of Breckenridge, Colorado, will watch Gov. Ed C. Johnson hoist the blue-and-white State flag over a "No Man's Land" in the very heart of the United States. A split-second later, the Stars and Stripes will spring aloft, assuring doubtful residents of parts of Grand and Summit Counties that they are 100 per cent. American citizens.

"I've been called upon to do a lot of things in my life," Governor Johnson said, "but when I claim that thirty-seven-mile strip of land for the United States, it will be my first effort at enlarging the acreage of the nation.

"I was surprized to learn that part of our sovereign State didn't belong to us, and am happy that this mistake can be rectified so that I can . . . tell the world Colorado's 'No Man's Land' belongs to *Uncle Sam*."

An enterprising record-clerk in the Denver Land Office, idly thumbing through musty charts not long ago, discovered that apparently parts of Grand and Summit Counties weren't legally within the United States. The Federated Women's Club of Breckenridge, horrified at the implications, wrote to Assistant Commissioner Antoinette Funk at the General Land Office.

Official Calm—The reply, on an official Government letter-head, assured them that they had nothing to worry about: They were Americans, their votes counted, and their titles and rights to property were affirmed sixty years ago on August 1, 1876, when Colorado entered the Union. Also they heard that the Ute Indians, who originally owned the land, sold it to *Uncle Sam* by treaty on March 2, 1858.

The committeewomen weren't satisfied, however. They thought it possible that they were living in a "no man's" enclave (see map) between the Continental Divide, western boundary of the Louisiana Purchase (1803), and a line drawn north from the source of the Arkansas River, marking one boundary of the Texas Annexation (1845). Hence the Governor's seventy-mile political junket to hoist the Colorado flag and the Stars and Stripes over an easier-breathing citizenry of the Summit County seat.

"I feel that it's a high honor placing me in the same class with Admiral Byrd, Christopher Columbus and other great flag-planters of history," Governor Johnson opined.

J. E. Sayres, who has sold merchandise to inhabitants of the thriving mining area for years, had this comment to make: "It's fine that this tract is going to be admitted to the Union, because folks up here have been talking like Americans and voting like Americans for a long time."

If the enclave really isn't American soil, wouldn't a criminal be safe there?

Walter Scherrer, Colorado's Assistant Attorney General, said: "If criminals had known of this section of Colorado, they could have taken refuge here and defied us to extradite them. . . . It might have become a serious problem."

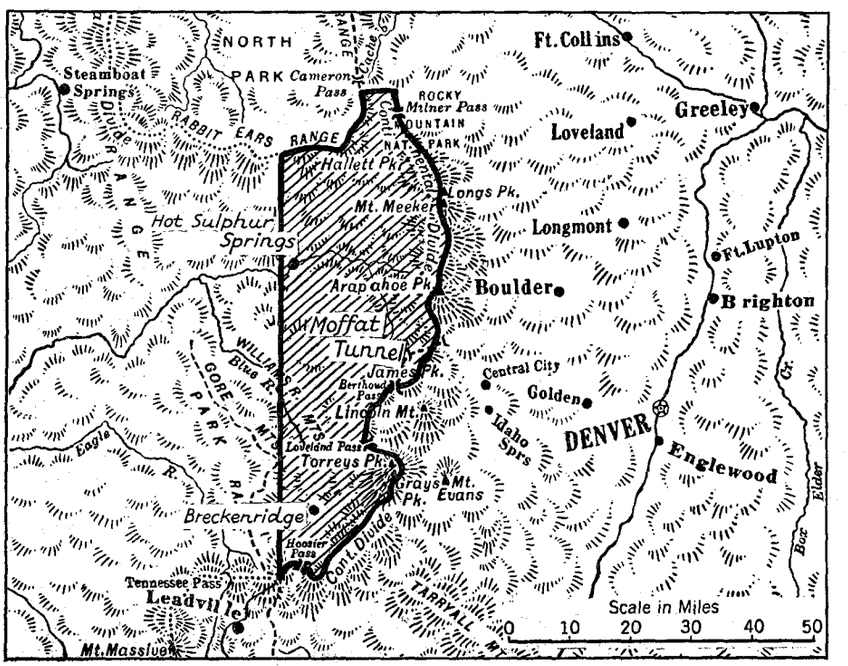
Historic Dispute—A more serious problem, back in 1803, furrowed the brow of the King of Spain when he heard of the sale of Louisiana to the United States. The boundary between French Louisiana and Spanish Mexico never had been fixed definitely. At the time of Jefferson's possibly unconstitutional purchase, Spain jealously claimed all Texas, as well as a strip of beautiful land in Louisiana lying between the Sabine River and Arroyo Hondo.

For fourteen years, French and Spanish garrisons glared threateningly at each other across this coveted "neutral strip." For fourteen years it flourished as a rendezvous for American and Mexican outlaws.

There, to-day, one may travel over the highway called Nolan's Trace, blazed by Philip Nolan of "The Man Without a Country." Over it once moved ox-carts laden with silver, cattle for New Orleans markets, soldiers of fortune and disgruntled politicians.

But in 1843, Governor Mouton of Louisiana proclaimed the Natchitoches District as Sabine Parish and, by that act of sovereignty, erased America's "No Man's Land" where Aaron Burr hatched out his plans for the conquest of Louisiana and Mexico to establish a Western empire over which he might reign.

The Breckenridge residents, in hoisting aloft the blue and white of Colorado and the red, white and blue of the United States, are making sure that their town will not become the hatching-ground for Sinclair Lewis's plot in "It Can't Happen Here."



LITERARY DIGEST Map

GOLD FARM: Diggers Find Hoarded $212,000 After Death of Iowan

"Don't worry about anybody digging around here for gold. Anybody who tries it will get his pants full of shot or my dog's teeth in his leg."

With these words, farmer Louis Voss ended the treasure-hunt on his 880-acre farm near Tipton, Iowa. But, spurred by the initial unearthings, seventeen claimants to the fortune of Henry Iwers wanted another try at fortune finding.

Out of the blue, the discovery of bonds, cash, coupons and certificates amounting to $212,000 kindled the imaginations of Iowans. Speculation ran rampant as to how much more might be found; the Tipton acreage loomed as promising as California in '49, or the lands where pirate chieftains are supposed to have cached their treasure two centuries ago.

Adventuresome minds saw in the farm a new site such as the Cocos Islands, perennial goal of treasure seekers off the Pacific Coast. Or they recalled the gold expedition

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Louis Voss: a legal suit and treasure-hunters beset him, since the finding of an iron box of money beneath the wheel of the Iwers' brothers 1909 auto

up the Hudson River to Palisades Interstate Park in 1934, when four persons, armed with authentic maps from the Morgan Library, were arrested for blasting. There were also the nostalgic memories of Robert Gordon's lost wealth in Hell Gate, New York, or Black Beard Teach's buried pieces-of-eight in North Carolina, still a mecca for the treasure-trove minded.

Theme of Rumor—People speculated as to what had prompted the three aged farmers—the Iwers brothers—to amass cash by day and hide it by night throughout their property. Legends had long been current about their hidden wealth, but not until the death of Henry Iwers, seventy-four, on last May 30, and the publication of his will leaving all to Louis and Margaret Voss, did interest assume such proportions that a treasure-hunt was ordered by the Court in the interest of other relatives.

Perhaps the most mysterious element in this treasure-hunt was the character of the brothers; women-haters, recluses, thrifty descendants of German stock. For sixty years they worked accumulating a fortune. They built their own house, installed their own plumbing, electricity and fixtures, working daily from four in the morning until nine at night. Their home was modest and they always slept on corn-husk mattresses.

William and Henry Iwers were the agriculturists; John, the business man. William's hobby was keeping bees. John, who died while washing dishes, dabbled in law and banking, and was President of the Sunbury Savings Bank until its failure. Henry was an amateur photographer.

Persistent—Once William and John had desired to retire, but Henry had protested.

"No," he said, "we can't quit farming or we'll all go to the poor-house. We have to earn our way as we go along." At that time their fortune was estimated at half a million dollars.

In the recent treasure-hunt, more than $80,000 was found in secret places in the house.

Under the wheel of a 1909-model automobile in the woodshed, an iron box was discovered. In it was $7,800 in gold and silver certificates, $61,000 in Iowa Municipal bonds, $5,000 in uncashed dividend checks and $38,000 in certificates.

As most of the cash was in the old large-type bills and as the brothers were known to have drawn out large amounts of the smaller type, the twelve relatives from Iowa and Illinois and the five cousins from Germany appealed to the courts for another whack at treasure-hunting.

DEATH BY BULLETS: Utah Murderer Faces Firing Squad, Others Hang, Sniff Gas, "Burn"

In a prison yard below the Wasatch Mountains of Utah, five shots, fired through loopholes in a wooden door, rent an early morning stillness last week. Thirty feet away Delbert Green, twenty-eight, strapped to a chair, his head hooded in black, was dead.

Four bullets had pierced the paper target over his heart.

One of the shots had been a blank cartridge so that no one of five civilian riflemen, each of whom was paid $25 for the task, would ever know whether or not he was an executioner.

In Utah a man sentenced to capital punishment may choose between hanging and the firing squad. Green, like nineteen of the twenty Utahans sentenced to death up to now, had chosen the firing squad. Lone exception was J. J. Morris. He asked the judge which method would be the more expensive. "Hanging," the Court replied. "Then I'll take hanging," Morris said.

How the States Kill—Utah is the only State which permits execution by a firing squad. Lethal gas chambers are employed in Nevada, Arizona, Colorado and Wyoming. Hanging is the method in fifteen States, whereas electrocution occurs in twenty-two.

On the day Green died, Frank Rascon was gassed in Arizona; Irwin Ottey was hanged in California, as was Roosevelt Moon in Mississippi; Henry Grier was electrocuted at Raleigh, North Carolina, as were Grady Warren, Mack and Oscar Brown in Texas and John Collins in New York.

There is no capital punishment in the states of Maine, Rhode Island, North and South Dakota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota.

DIPLOMATIC LANDON: He Puts Social Security Problem Up to State Legislature

Reluctantly torn from the cool shades of Cow Creek, Colorado, last week, Gov. Alf M. Landon returned to the combined heat of Kansas and politics. At Topeka, a special session of the Legislature awaited his cue on a constitutional amendment to line up the State in the Federal security program.

Reporters, looking for a bitter attack on the Roosevelt Social Security Act, were disappointed by a dignified 800-word message urging the adoption of an amendment which could be submitted for ratification in November. They did not fail to note that this was a different Landon from the one who had spoken at the Kansas Day dinner in Topeka last January. His "radio personality" was improved; the monotone had disappeared.

In this shortest speech of his career as Governor, Landon carefully avoided committing himself to any particular type of social security. He asked only for a "grant of power" which would permit the Legislature to enact any kind of security measure at its next regular session.

Ohio Explanation—What the Governor thinks on that score has been indicated by a man who will have a great deal to do with shaping party policies—Charles P. Taft. In his book, "You and I—and Roosevelt," the Ohioan said: "I am for the Social Security Act, but it needs amendment, and the Republicans ought to point it out in no uncertain terms."

Specifically Taft favors "minimum standards of health and decency" in determining the amount of State old-age pensions. He prefers also the Republican platform's "pay-as-you-go" policy, as against the present Act's provision for a great reserve pool.

Hardly had Candidate Landon concluded his message when Democratic members of the Legislature opened up a carefully planned attack on him. Half a dozen local and national political bones, ranging from prohibition to civil service reform, were dug up and tossed into the Senate and House of Representatives in an attempt to embarrass the Governor.

Outweighing this small-dog barking were two pieces of good news which reached the Governor's ear. From Senator William E. Borah came the announcement that he was first and foremost a Republican, and would support the ticket. Then came a statement from Frank O. Lowden, powerful Illinois farm leader, that he would take the stump for the Republican candidate.

Press Comment—The press, too, was on the whole friendly. "He met the social security problem in his own State cautiously and adequately," thought the Nashville *Tennessean*. In advocating a constitutional amendment, said the Washington *Post*, "he clearly showed that he does not regard constitutional prescriptions as fetters which should of necessity continue to bind a community struggling with new social problems."

But how does he know a constitutional amendment is necessary? asks the Philadelphia *Record*, adding that Landon "joined with the Legislature in evading the issue."

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HOW EUROPE VIEWS OUR CANDIDATES

LANDON-LEMKE

The nomination of Alf M. Landon, Republican, and the third party candidacy of William Lemke are deeply interesting to editors in Europe.

They say:

London Daily Telegraph (Ind.-Cons.): "The farmers in the Middle West who are normally Republican in tendency but voted overwhelmingly Roosevelt at the last election are said to be swinging back again. . . . Governor Landon represents the Middle West rather than the Wall Street wing of the Republican Party. The third party supporting Representative Lemke, with the backing of Father Coughlin and Francis E. Townsend, may possibly poll enough votes to let Landon in."

The Manchester Guardian (Lib.): "Mr. Lemke can hardly hope to carry even a single State. He might possibly, in a few farm States, take enough votes from Roosevelt to let Landon in. But there is no reason why he should take votes only from Roosevelt.

"Landon is the Governor of a farm State and is therefore considered likely to appeal to farmers; and he, too, may be distressed to find another 'farmers' friend' in the field."

London Morning Post (Cons.): "Mr. Landon may win over all those Democrats and Republicans who are discontented with the New Deal, and some of the contented as well.

"But the army of the contented is so vast that only a large-scale desertion could appreciably affect it. The livelihood of millions has been safeguarded or created by the measures Mr. Roosevelt has passed since his inauguration. In 1932 the Democrats polled 50 per cent. more votes than their opponents—it will need a big landslide to bring Mr. Landon to the White House next year."

Pravda, Moscow: "Landon is forty-eight years old, a big landowner and oil industrialist connected with the celebrated oil firm, Standard Oil. Until recently . . . Landon did not play an important rôle in the political life of the country. Landon's candidacy is being supported by the big Fascist editor, Hearst."

Le Temps, Paris (Ind.): "Apparently they wanted to find a new man whose modesty appeals to the crowd; and, yesterday almost unknown, Mr. Landon enjoyed sudden popularity, thanks to the miracle of publicity methods so peculiar to the Americans. . . . For a few months there has been a great deal of talk about rejuvenating the Republican Party and about reorganizing it for energetic action. In the platform adopted . . . by the Cleveland convention, nothing of this sort is seen."

L'Information, Paris (Ind.): "[The Landon nomination is a] compromise in which the Republicans have realized they must oppose something to Roosevelt interventionist policies other than the outmoded prospect of a return to the 'good old times' of a few years back. . . . Just how will Landon be able to impose the necessary social reforms on his party? It is obvious that economic evolution has shattered all the old political beliefs and has disproved established theories."

ROOSEVELT

After his three years in office, Mr. Roosevelt naturally is better known to European editors than the other Presidential candidates. Of his prospects and recent acceptance speech, they write:

London News Chronicle (Lib.): "In his denunciation of the 'privileged princes of new economic dynasties, thirsting for power, reaching out for the control of the Government itself,' President Roosevelt has thrown down the gauntlet to very formidable forces. But he has set up a standard to which the great armies of the dispossessed in all countries will rally with a new enthusiasm. He says truly that in so doing he and those with him are 'fighting to save a great and precious form of government for ourselves and for the world.' The response may yet startle those who have not realized the inherent force of the faith to which the President appeals."

London Times (Ind.): "Mr. Roosevelt enters the ring for the second time with health—despite malicious rumors—unimpaired, and with that air of serious purpose worn jauntily which makes him such an attractive figure as a fighter. In the Presidential elections the American people tend as a rule to vote not so much for one candidate as against the other. This year's contest looks like breaking with tradition. Many, doubtless, will vote for Landon because they are against Roosevelt; but few will vote for Roosevelt because they are against Landon. . . . Mr. Roosevelt offers himself for reelection with a record inevitably checkered to some extent by failure; but his failures have been for the most part on the right lines. America is in transition, and he has shown himself able to adapt his outlook and his methods to this circumstance, of which many of his countrymen prefer to take no cognizance. He will probably be reelected; and, tho it may not be his remedies that will restore America to health, it will be remedies of the same radical and comprehensive kind."

The Sunday Times London (Ind.): "If Mr. Roosevelt's immense popularity carries his personal reelection, it will probably carry his candidates and his platform also. Thus for the first time a prospect will be opened up of the United States coming into line with the other progressive nations in matters of social reform. . . . Such a change, if it comes about, will be of great interest to other countries. Hitherto the United States has contributed very little to the progress and practise of social reform. Where it might have been expected to lead, it has been unable even to follow."

Le Temps, Paris: "One seeks in vain to find by what constructive effort the Republicans wish to replace what Roosevelt has achieved."

Kölnische Zeitung, Cologne: "Roosevelt must reckon with the loss of the extreme radicals to the third party man, Lemke. It is therefore easily understood that the wagering on Roosevelt has come from 5-1 to 8-5 in his favor since the Republican convention. With this the campaign becomes unexpectedly interesting. The result will . . . depend on whether the American people would rather have a 'calm' or a 'dynamic' President for the next four years."

LEATHER RULE: Night-Riders' Housecleaning in Tar-Heel State; Baptist Preacher's Call for "Purge"

"Brothers, I want to make our presence felt. Moses had a housecleaning, and Elijah had one too . . ."

In the little town of Whiteville, North Carolina, a lantern-jawed Baptist preacher named George R. Hunt, rolled his eyes heavenward while the congregation of

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Robert Elliott Burns—before he became a "fugitive from a chain gang"

farmers and storekeepers intoned a fervent "Amen."

For months, the Rev. Mr. Hunt had been exhorting the community to purge itself of "undesirable" men and women. Last week a local grand jury concluded an investigation which had drawn from reluctant witnesses an unhappy tale of night-riders, proscription lists, and brutal floggings.

A white-hooded band of vigilantes had dragged six Whiteville citizens from their homes in the dead of night, beaten them with leather straps, and ordered them to "live decently or get out of the country."

Investigators, unable to learn from the frightened countryfolk the names of the night-riders, were compelled to write down the Whiteville floggings as merely another chapter in America's long history of Rule by Use of the Lash.

Reform School—Meanwhile, in Nashville, Tennessee, there was an even more sordid story of flogging. To Gov. Hill McAllister went an indignant grand jury's report on charges of flogging at the State Reform School. Superintendent G. Newt Choate was declared "unfit" to hold office. The report added that he "was not only advised of the terrible and inhuman treatment, but was near-by when the boys were being savagely whipped with those long leather straps, and had heard boy after boy, lying on his stomach with his hands crossed, praying and pleading to God for help."

The day after the report reached the Governor, Superintendent Choate resigned from his post. Six of the school's guards

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were indicted on charges of assault and battery.

The sharp crack of the lash first made twentieth century America jump in 1923, when the New York *World* printed a series of articles on the flogging of prisoners in a Florida convict-labor camp. Only a nine-pound lash in the hands of a "whipping boss," the paper revealed, could force the prisoners to cope with the wretched conditions under which they worked. Three weeks after *The World's* first article appeared, the Florida Legislature passed a law forbidding the use of the whip in prison-camps.

Chain Gang—The next case to attract the attention of the nation was that of Robert E. Burns. Twice he had escaped from a Georgia chain gang. While at large the second time, he made newspaper head-lines by writing a book called "I Am a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain Gang," in which he told how he had been thrown face down on a corrugated board and beaten with a heavy leather strap. So much sympathy did Burns arouse that in 1933, when Georgia authorities attempted to extradite him from New Jersey to serve out his term in the prison-camp, A. Harry Moore, then Governor of New Jersey, refused to turn him over.

Twice within the last seven months, the country has tingled to stories of brutal whippings. In December, Joseph Shoemaker, a labor organizer, was arrested by police in Tampa, Florida. He was freed almost immediately, but as he stood outside Tampa Police Headquarters, six men drove up in a car, piled him into it, then took him out of the city and whipped him so severely that he died. Later, five Tampa policemen were convicted of his murder.

In June, just before the Whiteville floggings came to light, the Rev. Claude C. Williams, who for ten years has been aiding the Arkansas share-croppers, and a young social worker named Willie Sue Blagden, were stopped on a lonely country road near Earle, Arkansas, and beaten with a harness-strap because of the agitation they had started among the Negro share-croppers.

Press Questions—"Are we passing into an era of regimentation by flogging?" the Raleigh *News and Observer* puts the question; and wonders further: "Is conduct and opinion to be regulated by the whip?"

The Florence, South Carolina, *Morning News* thinks Preacher Hunt has "much to answer to his God. . . . We have nothing but condemnation for trial without judge and jury, and deplore the intolerance and stupidity in evidence in the Carolinas."

"If the law proves inadequate to a given situation," the Winston-Salem *Journal* points out, "through the cooperation and wisdom of men it may be amended, but for any man, whether or not he wears the robes of the Church of God, to advocate the overturning of the law by mass prejudice . . . is to preach a doctrine of anarchy that leads inevitably to the pit."

The *Star News* of Wilmington, North Carolina, adds that there is no assurance that the activities of the night-riders will be confined to "undesirables," for every one who disagrees with them "may easily be classed as undesirable."

Concerning the Arkansas floggings, the Philadelphia *Record* says bitterly: "The forces of law and order in Arkansas have turned into forces of disorder and lawlessness."

Topics in Brief

REPUBLICANS Seek $3,000,000 for Campaign Fund. Have they applied to RFC?—*Arkansas Gazette* (Little Rock).

IN the European picture the demilitarized zones stand out very plainly. They're the ones full of soldiers.—*Judge.*

WE are through betting on anything—or against anything, except quintuplets this time at Callander.—*Detroit News.*

LIFE in '61 was trying, but there wasn't this continual mooning over what Lincoln would have done.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

SPEAKING of Governor Landon's hometown, somehow Independence sounds more American than Hyde Park.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

MUSSOLINI has ordered a bonus of $16 paid to all Italian soldiers who served in Ethiopia. His troubles are beginning.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

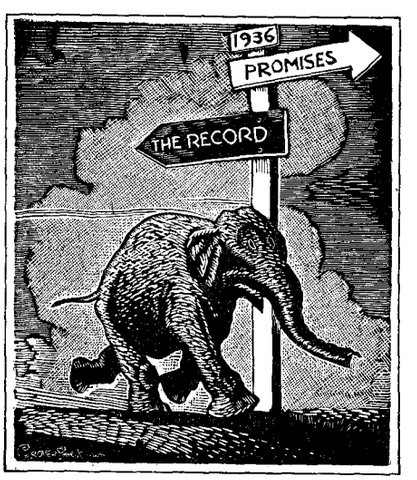
GOVERNOR LANDON is understood to be very particular about the color of his residence. Of course, he prefers a white house.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

"DON'T put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day"—for by then there probably will be a higher tax on it, or a law against it.—*Washington Post.*

J. D. G. WRITES me that the Republicans should change their song from "Three Blind Mice" to "We Are Building Up to an Awful Let-Down."—*Tulsa Daily World.*

MR. HAMILTON defies Bonnie Prince Farley to name six States that the Democrats are certain to carry. Mr. Hamilton doesn't think that it's true even what Mr. F. says about Dixie—*F.P.A. in New York Herald Tribune.*

WHAT the Governor of South Carolina said to the Governor of North Carolina is a whole lot less important than what an ex-Governor of New York recently said to the present Governor of New York.—*Manchester Union.*



JUST ANOTHER MILEPOST
—Page in the Louisville Courier-Journal

© 1936, *Chicago Tribune*

THE BLANK CHECK
—Orr in the Chicago Tribune

MUSSOLINI is carving Ethiopia into five States and installing a set of jobholders in each. Tho called a Cæsar, the fellow seems a Farley at heart.—*Barron's.*

A CLOUD of moths is reported in flight over a Southwestern community. A theory is that some Hollywood producer has been shaking out the plot.—*Detroit News.*

THERE are said to be 17,000,000 telephones in the United States and 15,000,000 in the rest of the world, but both of these may be wrong numbers.—*Louisville Times.*

DURING a certain dance East African natives hop around one another and pat each other on the chest. In England that is known as heavy-weight boxing.—*Punch (London).*

HENRY FORD and Brother Sloan, of General Motors, are now busy wondering how come they fought the passage of the soldiers' bonus so hard in the first place.—*Birmingham News.*

IT would be rather inspiring to see the White House made a congenial and typical American home again instead of just a place to get the mail over week-ends.—*Clyde Moore in The Ohio State Journal.*

NEWPORT, Vermont, reports that it had a snow-fall on one of the last days of June. But possibly it was merely a thick layer of checks laid down by the New Deal in the hope of bringing about Mr. Farley's prediction that forty-eight States would vote for President Roosevelt.—*Hartford Courant.*

THE good ship *Queen Mary* is reported to have had engine trouble on her voyage home. There's no use talking, Canada will have to ask Doctor Dafoe to leave the Dionne quints for a while and be the captain of the new boat until it gets through the teething period.—*Chicago Daily Tribune.*

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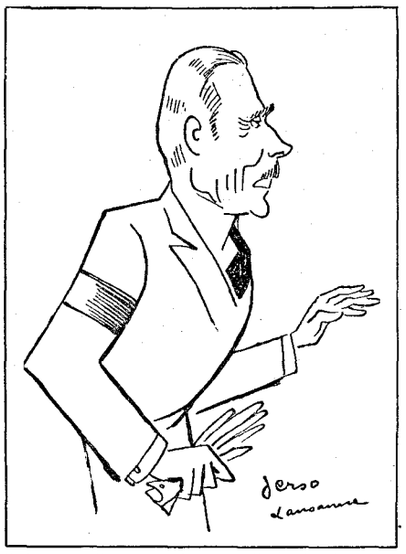
Foreign Comment

PEACE OR WAR IN BERLIN-VIENNA PACT?

Hitler Pledge Construed as Possible Step to New Triple Alliance



Caricature by Desso in *Le Journal de Genève* (Switzerland)

Franz von Papen gave up his vacation

Caricature by Kem in *The Evening Standard* (London)

to meet Kurt Schuschnigg in Vienna

Two years ago this month a gang of Austrian Nazis burst into the Vienna Chancellery and murdered Engelbert Dollfuss, the miniature Austrian Chancellor who had tried to save his miniature country from the German brand of fascism—and German control. Their *putsch* failed, but not before enthusiastic German officials had broadcast the story of its success, and convinced statesmen that the Reich was implicated in the plot.

On Mussolini's orders, troops dashed to the Brenner Pass. From then on, the world nervously awaited the war which must follow the first move of a once obscure Austrian house-painter to accomplish his reiterated intention of uniting his native land to Nazi Germany.

Last week Adolf Hitler formally relinquished that intention.

In simultaneous broadcasts, Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, German Minister of Propaganda, and Dollfuss' successor, Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg, announced that the two countries had reached an agreement. Germany promised to respect Austria's complete independence. She pledged herself not to interfere in Austria's internal affairs, and particularly not to carry on Nazi propaganda there.

Further Pledges—Austria's economic allegiance to Italy and Hungary—pledged by the Rome protocols of 1934—was specifically guaranteed. Otherwise Vienna agreed to be guided by "the basic conception that Austria recognizes itself as a Germanic State." Or, in the word of Guido Zernatto, Viennese Chancellery official: "Austria's foreign policy will in future . . . be carried on with consideration for peaceful Germany's foreign policy."

Officially the new allies prattled pleasantly of peace. But the agreement nearly paralyzed non-Nazi Austrians. Schuschnigg's first act was to name a moderate Nazi, Gen. Blaise von Horstenau, as Minister without Portfolio. Socialists, under cover since their abortive 1934 revolt, and Jews feared they would soon face the repressive treatment their brothers receive in the Reich.

The statements of Goebbels and Schuschnigg, the New York *Times* pointed out, justified suspicions that the agreement might result in the gradual absorption of Austria. The German spoke warmly of "the two German nations." Schuschnigg said, "We Austrians are Germans and have a German country," then added a reference to "our two German States in the middle of the German peoples."

Legitimists furiously protested that they had been betrayed. In recent weeks the Government had seemed to smile on their efforts to place Archduke Otto von Hapsburg on an Austrian throne, a move as anathema to Germany as to the Little Entente. Official encouragement of royalists' hopes, it developed, was merely a club which had caused German Ambassador Franz von Papen to cancel his vacation plans and push through the agreement.

Europe Aroused—Yet the problems of troubled Austria faded before the international significance of Hitler's promise to respect his little neighbor's sovereignty. Austrian independence is the keystone of Il Duce's policy in central Europe. Nazi ambitions there had been the chief obstacle to a close friendship between the two great Fascist States.

By forswearing aggression against Austria, Hitler angled for Il Duce's support. He had his first reward the same day: the Italian dictator announced that he would not attend the Brussels meeting of the Locarno Powers, called to consider Germany's remilitarization of the Rhineland, unless the Reich received an invitation.

Thus he dangled before France, which thought the rearming Reich was safely blocked by her Russian-Czech-Belgian-British treaties, the threat of a German-Austrian-Italian alliance—the old pre-War line-up.

For the moment, Il Duce holds almost all the cards in the diplomatic game. He may hesitate to play them, however. For Britain holds the joker—only in London can the Italian dictator get the funds he needs to develop Ethiopia and justify his African adventure.

From Britain's point of view, Germany's pacific gesture constituted the first response to the still unanswered questionnaire which Anthony Eden sent to Hitler last May, asking his intentions toward his neighbors.

Editorial Comment—London newspapers therefore tended to accept it at its face value. "We are not disposed to look behind and around it to find hidden and sinister motives," the *Sunday Times* naïvely pointed out. "To take it on its surface is perhaps the surest way of making the best of it for Europe."

The *Observer*, while cautioning Schuschnigg against the danger of annexation from within, insisted that "in form it does safeguard Austria's independence within the German orbit."

French journalists viewed the agreement with a more critical eye. *L'Oeuvre* detected "a certain fragility." It suggested that Hitler had scored a diplomatic victory over Il Duce by guaranteeing peace along the Brenner Pass; now, the journal believes, he will strike at Czechoslovakia instead. The *Echo de Paris* also searched for the sinister motives London preferred to ignore. "What recompense," it asked darkly, "has Berlin obtained?"

WAR DRUMS AGAIN:

Tribal Risings in Ethiopia as Rains Hamper Conquerors

Where Haile Selassie, vanquished Ethiopian monarch, lorded it as King of Kings and Conquering Lion of Judah in the Imperial Palace at Addis Ababa, to-day rules Marshal Rodolfo Graziani, Viceroy of Italy's Ethiopian Empire. For years schooled in colonial warfare, the Roman-featured General is the terror of African native chieftains who know him as the "scourge of Tripolitania."

Last week the Marshal nervously rubbed his smooth chin, pushed back the shock of black hair over his broad forehead and beetled his brows as news came trickling in that a priest, the Rev. Father Borello, had escaped a tribal attack in which four famous Italian aviators were murdered in the fierce Wallega district, about sixty miles south of Addis Ababa.

Quickly details of the massacre were brought in by stalwart Galla tribesmen who had helped beat off the assailants. Most famous of the victims was Major Antonio Locatelli, celebrated air pilot who accompanied the Balbo Flight to the United States and flew over the Andes. The others were Gen. Vincenzo Magliocco, chief of the East African air forces; Staff Col. Mario Calderini, air attaché at Addis Ababa; and an expert mechanic.

Slain in Ambush—Only a few days before the four men had occupied three air-planes and flown to that area of wild tribesmen, taking the priest with them. Commissioned by their chief, they were to make an observation tour and report on the possibility of establishing an air-drome. Cautiously landing on a deserted spot to unload their instruments and study the terrain, they

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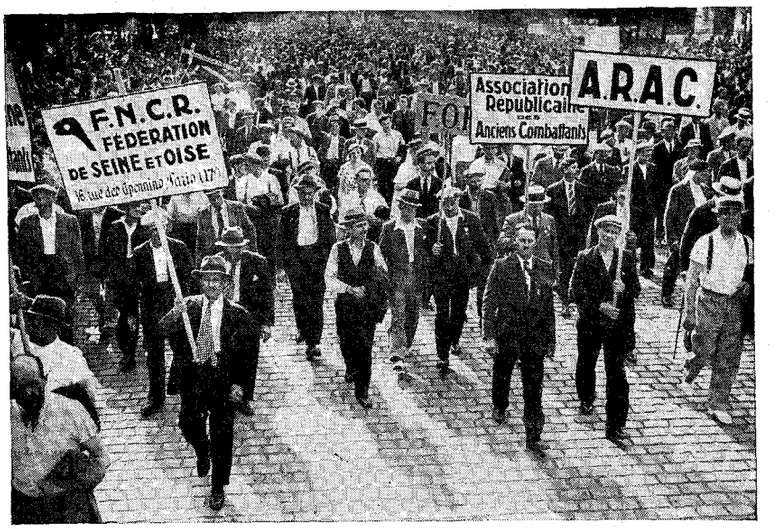
Pix-Lilli Joseph



European

Parades—military and civilian—commemorate Bastille Day every July 14 in Paris

were suddenly attacked by ferocious ambushers, who destroyed their planes and put them to death, sparing only the life of Father Borello to tell the tragic story.

To Graziani the news was doubly shocking. He had heard of the removal of sanctions against his country. Il Duce had cabled the Ethiopian Capital, cheerfully hinting that the Viceroy might furlough part of the huge army. To relieve tension among the homesick he had issued orders recommending that almost 100,000 blackshirts be gradually furloughed, mostly in the 1911 class.

In fact the troops have been restless, languishing with tropical disease. Last month sickness took the heaviest toll of Italy's army, official figures showing that 235 succumbed to disease, not counting scores of workmen.

If military operations are needed to subdue remote sections they must be suspended until the end of next September. Hence, almost 400,000 soldiers are marking time, pining for return to Italy.

Warriors Assemble—Unvanquished native chieftains, under cover of Africa's pall of uninterrupted rains, mustered their light-footed warriors and cut telephone, telegraph and railway lines of the Addis Ababa-Jibuti Railroad between Acak and Maoggio, about thirty miles from the Capital.

With lightning speed the news traveled to Jibuti, Capital of neighboring French Somaliland, where heat-enervated market loungers retailed reports of a major rising against Graziani. To strengthen their suspicion they cited official Italian reports that the High Command had despatched three divisions—the Blackshirt Tiber, the Sixtieth Sabaudia Infantry and the First Eritrean—to beat off a "fairly large force" of Ethiopians.

Making light of these attacks and dubbing them "acts of brigandage," Graziani's office, however, outlawed transmission of messages by the United States Navy short-wave wireless equipment at Addis Ababa in an order which likewise banned outgoing messages from British, French and German Legations. Protests from foreign affairs departments of the affected countries were referred directly to Rome.

Quick to follow Italy's troubles with Ethiopian tribesmen were French correspondents stationed at Jibuti. The most alarming reports came to the Paris *L'Oeuvre*, Radical Socialist newspaper, whose correspondent wired:

"A strong Ethiopian army concentrated in the Sidamo Lake region, southwest of Addis Ababa, composed of veterans of Sasa Baneh, carries on a valiant guerrilla warfare with the Italians. Another army encamped about forty miles from Addis Ababa at Addis Alam also is attacking the Italians, who, floundering in the mud with their overburdened army, are able to offer only the feeblest resistance."

Equally disquieting was a dispatch from *Le Petit Journal's* correspondent who, stating that Ras Emerou, former commander of Haile Selassie's Army of the West, had attacked the Italian garrisons at Gondar and Dessye, added that the tribes of Western Ethiopia have turned to genuine military organizations.

A NEW VERDUN: French Veterans Commemorate Battle With Peace Bid to Forgiven Foes

Twenty years ago, 200,000 Frenchmen threw their mangled bodies across the Germans' path to Verdun. The cry of the dying—"Ils ne passeront pas!" ("They shall not pass!")—rang round the world. On July 14, 1916—Bastille Day, the Frenchman's Fourth—the armies of Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, depleted by 300,000, were ready to cry "Kamerad."

This week, French veterans of that gory battle said "Comrade," stretched their hands across the Rhine, the Alps, the English Channel and the Atlantic to bid former allies and forgiven foemen to join in celebrating Bastille Day at Verdun. Veterans of all nations were to be the guests of the *Union Federal des Anciens Combatants*, French equivalent of the American Veterans of Foreign Wars.

The Plains of the Wöevre are no longer strewn with whitening bones; the bloated trench rats that scratched among the battered mess-tins and rusting bayonets on shell-scythed Dead Man's Hill are long since dead; Nature's healing salve of foliage has mended the scarred slopes of the Côte de Meuse; forgotten, save in the formal ceremonies of commemoration, are Joffre and von Falkenhayn, Petain, von Mackensen and Nivelle. The heroes of this week's *bistro* ballads are simple soldiers.

One of them, a short-cropped *schwabischer* cook who, enraged when a random shell blew his camp kitchen to Valhalla, dashed through the enemy lines and returned with a pot of French stew, hoped to be present; at Verdun he wanted to meet the Breton *Chasseur* who won the *Croix de Guerre* for the breath-taking frightfulness of the grimaces that sent a Saxon raiding party scurrying back across No Man's Land.

Trivial Puppy—Among the guests, too, were expected Serb and Hungarian veterans who had forgotten the Siege of Belgrade, but remembered the Christmas they were permitted to pass through each other's lines to their families. And if any stalwarts of *Uncle Sam's* Second Division were there, they must have chatted over their beers, not of the bloody feud in Belleau Wood, but of their mascot puppy who, missing for an agonizing twenty-four hours, returned from the Prussian trenches festooned with sausages and propaganda post-cards. On such important trivialities a soldier's mind turns, when war is forgotten.

Sometimes the war was forgotten while it was still going on. The tragicomic devices by which enemies contrived to be friends whenever the big guns cooled between slaughtering salvos have been immortalized by Bruce Bairnsfather, the Scottish soldier-caricaturist who created *Old Bill*.

Christmas, 1914, on the Somme, homesick Yorkshiremen and sentimental Württembergers threw down their rifles and met in the strip of frozen mud between trenches to laugh and sing Yule carols, exchange souvenirs, cigarettes, pints of stout for liters of *Liebfraumilch*. The same spirit, French hosts hoped, would pervade the greatest mass get-together of veterans ever attempted.

Only one type of veteran was not welcome this week—the *pediculus vestimenti*. Cootie to doughboys, *laus* to Heinies, *toto* to *poilus*—the marauding, gray-backed trench louse served through every battle, fought on every front and behind the front,

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was never decorated but decorated the hides of millions.

Few of this week's gathering recalled that Harold Peat, the Canadian volunteer who wrote "Private Peat" and other soul-stirring essays, confessed to weeping when he first discovered that the seams of his pants, tunic, underwear and leggings were tenanted by voracious little beasts determined to rob him of his ultimate drop of blood. Or the somewhat more philosophic Scots Guard who, stooping to flick a cootie from his hairy shin, thereby dodged a sniper's bullet, and in gratitude returned the louse to its bony pasture.

But veterans of the American 35th Division, if any Kansas or Missouri Guardsmen were present, could well remember the night three members of the 137th U. S. Infantry's crack band scattered a thousand crawlers impartially through the luggage of an efficient but unloved staff officer. And the remnants of every regiment in the War could recount endless anecdotes of seam-hunting, delousing, sudden twinges that sent full mess-tins flying into the air, nights over flickering candles, popping the little varmints between deft thumb-nails, or frying them in hot tallow. No peace mission ever bridged the yawning chasm of misunderstanding between enemies as democratically as the cootie, which played no favorites between beer-fattened Rhinelanders and work-lean *Provençals*.

Called together at historic Fort Douaumont, captured and retaken a score of times during those dark days of 1916, to swear a solemn oath to work for peace, the disillusioned survivors of their fathers' folly found Verdun changed, yet unchanged and changeless.

Before the city itself, stone and concrete have perpetuated the serried trenches from which their comrades sallied forth to die for King, country and a few cents a day. Monuments here and there commemorate some gallant stand at arms.

The famed "Trench of Bayonets" is there, where, one ghastly night, a German shell-burst rent the sky, burying an entire French company in its trench till only the tips of the fixed bayonets showed above the fresh-dug grave.

New Era—True, such trenches as remain are no longer half-filled with mud and water and reeking with the stench of unburied dead. The neat, even slats of duckboard over which dowagers and old men and children have tripped by tourist tens of thousands are a far cry from the poor makeshifts of *poilu* and Prussian Guard, who squatted in damp and shivering heaps over their charcoal fires, warming the "slum" that came, irregularly and always cold, from other mud-holes in the rear.

But under the newly planted trees, those who cared to scratch with their walking sticks could find belt buckles and chips of rotting leather that brought back memories of veterans who could not meet in 1936. Every foot of it, for them, the Road Back.

For the French, the road back began at Bar-le-Duc, famed now for its gooseberry jam, famed then as the southern terminus of that life-line of panting, reeling *camions* that kept the beleaguered *poilus* from starving. Meeting there last Saturday, the French veterans were carried by truck over the "Sacred Way" to Douaumont. Silent, forbidden even to smoke, the living mounted guard over the 12,000 dead beneath the tiny fort that was for France the locked door to Paris. For the quarter million nameless dead at Vaux, Le Mort-Homme and Hill 304, taps were sounded.

Less solemn was the entertainment to be had when veterans filed slowly back from the flood-lighted Douaumont Ossuary to the ancient Roman town on the heights of the placid Meuse. There, in numberless *zincs* and *estaminets*, one-time enemies were free to sample the *vin ordinaire* of the Department, or rout the July heat with beer or champagne. There they could have their fill of stories and jokes: the one about the practical Highlander who boasted of his prowess in trafficking for two eggs in the French language. "Ye juist say 'twa offs,' and the silly aud fule gies ye three, and ye gie her one back." More probable and more numerous, the lighter and lustier jests about the legion Mesdemoiselles d'Armentières.

And songs, too—"Da Kommt der Närrische Franzose" (There Come the Foolish Frenchmen), "Madelon," "Smile, Smile, Smile," "Cadet Roussel," "Ich Hab' Mein Herz in Heidelberg Verloren" and "Hinkey Dinkey Parley-Voo."

It was the first French Socialist Government's bid for peace, a counter-attack against the mounting tide of war talk by the generation that has not forgotten.

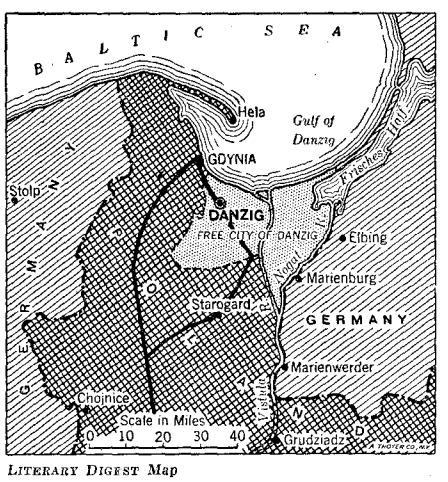
DEFIANT DANZIGER: Greiser Greeted by Goose-Steppers on His Return From Geneva

Snapping the Nazi salute, 200 goose-stepping members of Hitler's SS (Guard Troop), clad in trim black uniforms, triumphantly greeted Dr. Arthur Karl Greiser, Senate President of the Free City of Danzig, as he arrived from his nose-thumbing trip to Geneva last week.

Complaisantly, the blond, thirty-nine-year-old leader smiled at the crowd of some 500 Nazis gathered outside the railway station and, amidst roaring cheers, told them: "Germany is back of us. I am sure that at Geneva I gave expression to what was in the heart of the people of Danzig."

Pleased that his speech before the League of Nations Council had created a Nazi scare in Europe, Greiser demanded that the League's High Commissioner for Danzig, Sean Lester, be dismissed for "interfering in the city's internal affairs."

Eight hours later, baldish, calm Lester arrived at the same station. Dismissing his automobile and the reported fear of a Nazi assault, the Irishman strolled the 150 yards to his official residence, a stone's throw from the Senate building. Also back from Geneva, Lester found Nazi tempers fanned to white heat by his report that the captain of the German cruiser *Leipzig* had snubbed his office by failing to make the official call.



LITERARY DIGEST Map

Gdynia, accessible by rail (black line), will be Poland's chief port if Danzig goes to Germany

Poland Aroused—That same day Dr. Casimir Papée, Commissioner to Poland, which is League-appointed to administer Danzig's foreign affairs, returned from a one-day air trip to Warsaw. He warned Greiser that Poland would oppose all change in Danzig's political status and frowns upon Nazi persecution of the opposing parties.

Reminded of Poland's rights and her ten-year non-aggression treaty with the Reich, Greiser reconsidered his rash action and made vague promises. A few hours later, however, he retaliated by lengthening the decreed suspension of the strong Socialist newspaper, *Danziger Volksstimme*, to another two months.

Bitterly resenting Lester's custodianship of Opposition rights, Greiser and his Nazi followers especially decry the High Commissioner's January report to the League, in which he called attention to Nazi terrorism and violation of the Free City Constitution. Lester had also dubbed Albert Forster, Nazi district leader, a fanatic who believes that every German should offer unconditional loyalty to Hitler.

Another Leader—Danzig Nazis felt the remarks keenly because they regard Forster as even more powerful than Greiser, his official "front." Forster, a Bavarian by birth, is a member of the German Reichstag and is officially set down as "a leader of the Danzig division of the National Socialist Party."

Lester's main concern was safeguarding the Danzig minorities—Social Democrats, Centrists, German Nationalists, Communists and Polish Parties—against Nazi attacks, which have been frequent since Hitler came into power and his party became entrenched in Danzig about three years ago.

To strike terror into the heart of the Opposition, which issued a manifesto repudiating his Geneva speech and affirmed their adherence to the League and the present Constitution, Greiser convoked a secret meeting of the Senate. With the memory of the Opposition's vote, last year, against a change in the City's status still fresh, the Nazi Senate majority laid down plans to suppress their organizations, ban their newspapers and ostracise the League's High Commissioner, thereby insulting the League itself.

As deeply concerned about doings in Danzig is Poland's laconic Foreign Minister, Joseph Beck, who maintains a policy of even balances between Germany and Russia, his most troublesome neighbors. To checkmate Red propaganda on his Russian borders, he leans heavily on German friendship, knowing that Danzig's position on the mouth of the traffic-laden Vistula makes compromise necessary.

Nazi Patience—Neither Beck nor Hitler is anxious to come to a break over Danzig. Hitler, a sworn enemy of Soviet Russia, advises his Danzig Nazis to forbear from mentioning their intention of completely abandoning League control for secession to Germany. Their ostensible complaint is

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that the League's Commissioner should limit himself to settling disputes between Poland and Danzig, instead of protecting the rights of the Opposition.

Reaffirming the Government's firm position, the Polish official daily, *Gazeta Polska*, finds that while the régime has no "intention of being drawn into the conflict over internal political quarrels at Danzig, we will not tolerate any violation of our treaty rights in the Free City." The Polish National Party's *Kurjer Warszawski*, however, frankly admits: "A great catastrophe may still be averted if Poland shows her thoughts and will with such clarity and determination that all the world will know that we have no sympathy with revisionist activity."

In Germany the *Voelkischer Beobachter*, organ of the Nazi Party, was guarded. "Germany," it said, "hopes that the League will be in a position to deal with the Danzig issue in such a way as to clear up conditions."

BRITISH UNREST: Civil Servants Consider Some Form of Strike to Get Better Pay

Fresh from a Sandwich grammar school, William John Brown entered the British Civil Service in 1910.

The next year, a dynamic, convincing youngster of seventeen, he formed the Boy Clerks' Association, which evolved into the Civil Service Clerical Association, with 16,000 members in the lower brackets of the service.

It remained a one-man union under the pudgy thumb of its fair-haired founder. During the General Strike ten years ago, Brown wangled an affiliation with the Trade Union Congress, but outraged Tories led by Winston Churchill forced the service which is Britain's pride to break the bond with organized labor. Undaunted, Brown again outraged Britishers. Borrowing an idea from French "folded arms" strikers, he threatened to call a "stay in" or "go slow" protest.

Employees in the lower grades—general clerical, departmental clerical, and the lowest, or "P," class—conform to the high tradition of the honest, conscientious and often brilliant work which makes the British civil servant a world model.

But, at the best, they can make only $2,000 a year, and the average weekly pay lies between $10 and $15, minus 10 per cent. for pensions.

Glacial Problem—As Brown, who spent all his spare cash for books and became highly educated, learned to his sorrow, an almost feudal system prevents their breaking into the frosted upper layer of executives. These 1,500 administrators represent the top of Britain, socially, financially and mentally.

The majority are public school graduates and university honor men of private income, who have competed in the stiffest cultural examinations any State requires of its workers.

Brown's chief grievance is that for the same job workers in Whitehall—heart of the Empire's administration—receive $500 a year more than clerks in "out-station" departments, such as the War Office, Air Ministry and Admiralty. Any interruption of their work would seriously impede

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Neville Chamberlain: Civil Service workers did not find him in a sporting mood

Britain's rearmament program. To Sir Warren Fisher, Permanent Secretary of the Treasury, and his boss, Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, the strike threat was a red rag. Last week the Chancellor bluntly told the House of Commons as a warning that any striker would be fired instantly.

Conservatives pointed out that a strike would be illegal, since it would attempt to coerce the Government. Brown consulted Sir William Jowitt, former Attorney General, then announced that it would be "contrary to legal etiquette" to quote the lawyer.

"But," he insisted, "the Association is perfectly satisfied that in law the position of the civil servant in relation to a stay-in strike or a go-slow movement does not differ in any respect from that of any other employee."

Peacemaker Appears—In this impasse Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson, a tactful, engaging veteran who spent fifty-eight of his eighty-five years as a civil servant, offered to serve as mediator. During his long career he served as Acting Viceroy of India and as private secretary to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

"I know nothing of the merits of the case," he wrote Brown, "nor do I presume to express any opinion thereon, but I am deeply distressed to hear that a strike may occur in my old service. . . . I doubt whether any other man living can show fifty-eight continuous years of civilian service to his country."

Brown accepted gratefully. "You may take it," he answered, "that we here want a strike as little as anybody."

The Treasury also leaped at the chance to mediate.

No London newspaper sympathized with Brown. "A stay-in strike of civil servants would certainly conflict with the law, and trespass," the *Daily Express* warned. The ultra-Tory *Morning Post* hit two prejudices in one sentence. "A stay-in strike," it said, "is unduly, unnecessarily reminiscent of recent events in France and sufficient by itself to alienate the public sympathy."

RICH WAR-LORD: Chen, With $100,000,000 Chinese Funds, Finds British Haven

Matting-covered bales, trunks and boxes, 350 of them, the personal baggage of General Chen Chi-tang, bobbed across the swaying gang-plank between the Canton boat and the docks at the British Crown Colony of Hongkong on the backs of an army of sweating coolies.

Canton's chief war-lord, marching ten days ago against Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, was fleeing now with $100,000,000 in Cantonese funds, to estates, bought long ago, under the British flag. For him the wars were over. An opulent and peaceful old age loomed ahead.

At Nanking, in the north, frantic servants again and again lengthened Chiang Kai-shek's banquet-table, set originally for 200, as planes, trains and river boats dumped south Chinese fliers, officers and war-lords, irresistibly drawn by the aroma of new hoards of Mexican dollars, at his door.

Late comers laughed off the fact that a few days ago they were, with the fleeing Chen Chi-tang, pledged under the high-sounding title of "National Anti-Japanese Salvation Force" to attack their present host unless he marched to drive the armies of Nippon back beyond the Great Wall.

Money Influence—Their savage patriotism, now soothed by the musical clink of Chiang's lately acquired treasure, they could wise-crack that the fleeing Chen was the "true patriot" among them all. He at least was "buying up" Hongkong for the Chinese, or for a Chinese, while they only talked of action.

Officially named "annual plenary session of the Executive Committee of the Kuomintang" (Chinese Nationalist Party), the company at the Generalissimo's board, with five exceptions in more than 200, numbered only delegates hand-picked by Chiang or deserting to his cause, *i.e.*, his $375,000,000 war fund.

The recalcitrant five represented the only rebels, Generals Li Tsung-jen and Pai Tsung-hsi, still holding out in inland Kwangsi Province for war against Japan. These two, twenty-five of their best planes loaded with officers gone to Nanking as deserters, were faced with the alternatives of hopeless war with Chiang Kai-shek, abject submission to him, or flight to foreign soil.

Generalissimo Chiang staged a week of army shows to impress his visitors: newly uniformed troops, new air-planes, new tractor guns tramping, roaring and rumbling before the goggle-eyed men from the south. And it was whispered among them that he had bargained with Germany for $30,000,000 more in planes, guns, tanks and other arms to be paid for in peanuts, soy-bean oil and tungsten.

Gain in Followers—Latest but not least of the Generalissimo's uninvited, tho warmly welcomed guests, was powerful General Yu Han-mou, formerly chief aid to Chang

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Chi-tang at Canton. Throwing out his chest and beaming upon newspaper men Yu voiced, in the hearing of twenty of Chiang's staff officers sent to receive him, a new life-long loyalty.

"Canton intends to carry out the orders of Nanking (Chiang Kai-shek), in every respect. I remain here as Canton's chief delegate," he said (on the side of the moneyed battalions).

Twelve plane-loads of deserting officers from Canton flew into Nanking in the wake of the twenty-five which had landed the day before and bewildered Cantonese generals left in the South tried to hold their remaining equipment by rationing gasoline, giving no pilot enough to carry him out of the Province.

The plenary session was called, Chiang Kai-shek blandly explained, to give him a "mandate" from the Kuomintang to crush the rebels Li and Pai in Kwangsi. Nobody foresaw a real military campaign, however. A cash offer, wrapped in threats, would, it was assumed, calm the Kwangsi warlords' patriotic ardor and restore, so long as the cash lasted, unity to China.

A real march southward would lose for Chiang the thinly held Provinces of Shansi, Shantung, Suiyan and Char, where Nipponese were yearning to create autonomy (separation from Nanking), similar to that already existing in East Hopei.

STERN JAPAN: Fifteen Die for Army Mutiny in "Emotional Revolution"

When fourteen Japanese army officers and one civilian were executed by the firing squad last Sunday, as leaders of the political murders and mutiny of February 26, it marked a turning point. Close observers believe that "an important revolution in the emotional history of Japan" is sweeping Nippon.

Strange to Western minds is the pronouncement of the special court martial that the death sentences, the first in a quarter of a century to follow the murder by Japanese of Japanese Cabinet Ministers, is less a penalty for the assassinations than for the refusal of sixteen officers and one civilian to obey the Emperor's subsequent command to surrender.

The shooting in the early dawn of aged Finance Minister Korekiyo Takahashi, Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal Makoto Saito, Inspector General Jotaro Watanabe and of Col. Denzo Matsuo by error in place of Premier Keisuke Okada, who escaped, would, the Court intimated, have been condoned on the ground that the crimes, though regrettable, were committed with nobly patriotic motives.

"Studies and thoughts begun innocently in the simplicity of the young officers' minds," read the verdict, promulgated at 2 A.M. to avoid disturbing public opinion, "grew dogmatic and bigoted. They lost their discrimination between right and wrong . . . thought statesmen close to the Throne had, since the London Naval Treaty, been interfering with the Imperial prerogative.

Slayings Explained—"They thought the statesmen were high above the laws and therefore could not be replaced by legal methods . . . therefore took the line that methods transcending law must be adopted . . . to inflict upon these statesmen the 'penalties of Heaven.'"

Had the mutiny leaders surrendered after "transcending the law" by shooting down four unarmed men in what Western minds would consider a particularly virulent type of first degree murder, they would almost inevitably have been raised to the level of popular heroes, as have many of their predecessors.

Even the son of the eighty-one-year-old Takahashi expressed, when interviewed, a spirit infinitely puzzling to Occidentals.

"My father cut the army budget," said this young staff member of the great Mitsui Shipping Company. "If the assassins were right, I must hold them blameless. If what they did will benefit my country, I can not regret my father's death."

"They did not mean any harm to the country and people of Japan," is another Japanese opinion. "Everybody knows that they acted from the highest ideals. They expected no pay, no reward. They were willing to pay with their lives."

Defiance of Emperor—Much more important than the slaying of a few prominent statesmen, judged detrimental to the nation's destiny, was their subsequent act of leading a thousand soldiers to seize and hold public and private buildings for three whole days and refusing to yield when the Emperor's command was brought to them.

When summoned to surrender, one, Capt. Shiro Nonaka, killed himself; and Capt. Teruso Ando shot himself in the head, tho failing in his attempt to die.

Among those executed were:

Captains Kiyosada Kada and Teruso Ando; Genichi Minakami, civilian attorney; Lieutenants Motoaki Nakahashi, Yasuhido Kurihara, Seichu Mibu, Tadashi Sakai, Masaru Tanaki, Hachiro Hayashi, Toshihiko Ikeda, Taro Takahashi, Kiyosumi Mugiya, Minoru Tokiwa, Yasuhei Kiyoahara, and Kinjiro Suzuki.

At the eleventh hour Captain Koji Muranaka, retired, and Asaichi Isobe, paymaster, were saved from death altho their ultimate fate was not announced at the time. All in all there were 123 convictions including the one suicide and the fifteen executed men.

Forty-four other officers were sentenced to two to fifteen years' imprisonment, five officers to life imprisonment, and six civilians to life imprisonment.

In announcing sentence the Government half apologetically explained that the revolt had as its purpose "to rid Japan of statesmen shackling her to the 5-5-3 naval ratio." It also forbade newspapers to print extras and clapped a war-time censorship upon the whole Japanese press.

Tho their trials were secret, it was revealed that all the condemned were members of ultrapatriotic societies which abound in Japan, to study, pray and plan methods of leading Japan to a high destiny.

Emotionalists—Like Col. Saburo Aizawa, who, in August, 1935, cut down with his saber Director General of Military Affairs Tetsuzan Nagata, they were passionate, fanatical soldiers, speaking no foreign language, meeting no foreigners, belonging to no good-will societies and addicted to what Japanese call "emotional reasoning."

An example of such reasoning was Colonel Aizawa's testimony that he had prayed, before his act, at the two most sacred shrines of Japan, firmly believed that he acted on command of a higher power and as a "most loyal subject of the Emperor."

"Young girls in the district where I was born no longer like to work on the farms," he cried in self-justification. "There is no opportunity to bring up serious-minded young men. Mah-jong and cafés are becoming a fad. Internal conditions are becoming intolerable. When I saw this, the teachings on which I had been brought up—to give up everything for the Emperor—burst out and encouraged me." He shouted to the audience to "repent and believe in the absolute power of the Emperor," and wept when a petition in his favor, written in the blood of the signers, was submitted to the Court.

Similarly child-like was the reasoning of a club of "Sacred Warriors" raided in 1934 during a "prayer-meeting conspiracy" which had for a detail the assassination of Charlie Chaplin, in Japan, to bring about war with the United States, and that of Katsuke Nagasaki, member of the Bushinkai, who in February of last year stabbed a Tokyo publisher for bringing Babe Ruth to Japan and thus sending Japanese money abroad.

Following tradition, Aizawa's trial was booming along as a public orgy of mystical

Wide World

Babe Ruth: his visit to Japan caused the stabbing of a Japanese newspaper man

Charlie Chaplin: Japanese chauvinists hoped to start a war by murdering him

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patriotism at the very moment the February mutineers were planning their wholesale assassinations. He and his counsel were using whole days to retail their curious patriotic rant when the three Cabinet members were shot down.

Trials in Secret—Instantly the whole atmosphere of Tokyo changed. Aizawa's trial was halted, and resumed behind closed doors. The mutineers also were tried in camera in spite of protests that they were not getting public hearings, had no opportunity to state their case before the nation, and were not even permitted to engage counsel.

The Army had suddenly realized that encouraging young superpatriots was dangerous, not only to civilian statesmen, but to "the spirit and discipline of the Army," as well.

The Army itself was frightened by its "black legions" dedicated to the century-old tradition of young Samurai that "to kill with devotion and conviction" was noble.

And the sentences were passed on the mutineers as "public sinners against the spirit and discipline of the Army," considered quite as important as the soul of the nation, and far more important than the lives of mere Cabinet officers, in Japan.

The whole episode was explained in the Court's judgment as "an immature effort to create a totalitarian state."

DARDANELLES FORTS:

Military Might of Turkey and Diplomatic Sparring of Britain

Early in the Dardanelles Conference, which opened at Montreux, Switzerland, last month, Britain voiced an appeal for the preservation of the rosemary-grown graves of the men and boys who died at Gallipoli. Last week she got down to less sentimental questions.

Turkey had informed the Lausanne Treaty Powers—Britain, France, Japan, Rumania, Russia, Yugoslavia, and Greece—of her desire to refortify the Dardanelles and the Bosporus, and proposed to limit to 14,000 tons foreign war-ships using the Straits, with the total foreign tonnage kept at 28,000 tons.

Britain's plan called for the passage of 15,000-ton ships and a total of 45,000 tons. Moreover, it was suggested that on Turkey's invitation an unlimited fleet should be permitted to enter the Black Sea.

In case of war, Britain demanded that a neutral Crescent keep the Straits open. Russia wanted them closed, unless the fleets sailed under League orders. France, Rumania, Jugoslavia, and Greece all echoed the Soviet argument. Behind the bitter squabble lay fear of the Reich. The Powers, bulwarked against aggression by mutual assistance treaties, raged because Britain, which has no commitments in Central and Eastern Europe, omitted any reference to regional pacts.

Tirade Against Britain—Wily delegates persuaded Nicholas Titulescu, "cleverest living Rumanian," to voice what many thought but feared to say. The Mongol-eyed Foreign Minister felt especially bitter against Britain; he faced a political crisis at home for his loyalty to the anti-Italian sanctions Britain inaugurated and then "repealed."

Meanwhile Italy "sulked in her sanctions tent," pending until July 15, when the ill-fated economic weapon was to be withdrawn. She scorned Montreux, and hinted she might boycott the Locarno Powers meeting in Brussels this month. To soothe Il Duce, Britain called off the great fleet which had haunted the Mediterranean since last summer in a futile effort to scare him.

The great gray *Nelson* and *H. M. S. Rodney* turned toward England. Smaller ships got orders to return to the China Station. The Mediterranean flotilla, according to Admiralty officials, would immediately shrink to "a more normal level."

France went further. She announced abruptly that her agreement offering Britain the use of French ports in case of Italian aggression had ceased to exist.

NO BANDIT CHIVALRY:

Woman Teacher Flogged as Aid of Antireligious Cárdenas

Maria de la Luz Pinto, sober and painstaking school-teacher of Atotonilco, a tiny village in the Mexican State of Jalisco, bade her urchins good-by last week and started off for a summer of college. At the University of Guadalajara, fifty miles distant, she intended to learn more of the Government's socialist Six-Year Plan.

As she sped through the twisted streets of Michoacanej, bandits sprang from ambush, hauled her to the road, beat her cruelly and carried her off as hostage. Pretext: as a pillar of President Lázaro Cárdenas's antireligious régime, she was supposed to be corrupting the youth of Atotonilco.

By her own proud admission, she had labored to "imbue in the young a rational and exact concept of the universe and social life."

Outraged parents of adjoining *haciendas* and equally fervent peasants long had murmured against sending their children to school to such a person. Ignoring their threats and rumors, Señorita Pinto had tactfully pursued her task, refusing to believe that people meant what they said.

Acme

Maria Louise Hernandez, school-teacher, and heroine in a fight against Mexican bandits

Zealot Bandits—She might have taken warning from an incident which occurred in the State of Puebla a month earlier. There, bandits, ostensibly fired by religious zeal, rode into Zacatlan howling "Long live Christ the King!" and set fire to the school. The heroic teacher, Maria Louise Hernandez, barricaded herself and held off the bandits with her rifle until Federal troops arrived.

Troops also rescued Señorita Pinto, killing five bandits during the operation, but her saviors were volunteers of the so-called "Social Defense" forces. Both incidents have focused the question whether these bandits are sincere crusaders, whether they are being hired by wealthy landowners more concerned with economic than religious matters, or whether they are just plain bandits.

For years, Mexican bandits have thrived on local fame in their mountain hideouts, pursued by Government troops. Last May, Camillo Ramirez Argot, nicknamed "La Coneja" (the Rabbit), was slain by Federal soldiers, who also captured and killed the notorious Simeon Quijada. Especially numerous are these bandits in five of Mexico's central States, where they number upward of 1,000, under their leader Lauro Rocha, famed as the "Mexican Robin Hood." Rocha also stages his raids in the name of "Christ the King."

NEW PANAMA CHIEF:

National Revolutionary Party's Victory Makes Arosemena President

For almost a month a small, heavy-set member of one of Panama's leading families has been cautiously acknowledging letters from hundreds of his Latin American friends, congratulating him on his election to the Presidency. Modestly he expressed the hope that the final count by the National Election Jury would justify his party's claim to a majority in the Republic's closest electoral campaign.

Last week the final count came through, giving Dr. Juan Demostenes Arosemena a slim plurality of 1,865 votes over his closest rival, Domingo Diaz, member of the Doctrinary Liberal Party.

Bitter Campaign—So bitter and hard-fought was the campaign that President Harmodio Arias had to order saloons and club-houses closed, while police patrolled Panama City.

Talk of violence was bruited about as the Election Jury at first refused to validate the candidacy of Arosemena and his National Revolutionary Party. Feeling ran so high that Arias himself had to intervene and assure supporters of the President-elect that the right to suffrage would be protected at all cost.

An able and shrewd politician, Dr. Arosemena will assume office on October 1. Born in wealth, he has devoted his entire life to a public career, since Panama became a Republic in 1903. Better known to the public for his dependable character and ability than for his individual accomplishments, he commanded a great deal of esteem as Governor of Colon, where he did a

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remarkable piece of organizing and cleaning up.

Scholar—Publicity-shy and unassuming, he is known to Panamanians as a liberal and a great scholar who has spent most of his public life on home grounds. Both as delegate to the Pan-American Conference of 1934 and to the League of Nations at Geneva he has demonstrated his understanding of international problems and the need for closer American cooperation.

With a mixed population of almost half a million, Panama has an area of 28,575 square miles, excluding the Canal Zone, whose use and administration is granted to the United States in perpetuity. The Presidential term extends to four years and legislative powers rest with the National Assembly of thirty-two members, also elected for four years. Panama, the largest city on the Pacific, has a population of about 75,000, while Colon, on the Atlantic side, is populated by almost 30,000 natives and Orientals.

Doctor Arosemena's nomination to the Presidency came about last November when Dr. Belisario Porras, four times President of the Republic, was chosen by the Liberal Union Party. The following month the Revolutionary Coalition Party, affiliated with the Arias Administration, nominated Doctor Arosemena, who was then Minister of Foreign Affairs, defying the Election Jury which declared him ineligible.

HAPPY SPANIARDS: Strike of Bull-Fighters Is Settled and Matadors Perform Again

Capes draped, arms swinging, Spain's Domingo Ortega and Mexico's Fermin Espinosa (Armellita), bristled at each other as they marched across Pamplona's bull-ring to salute the President of the Bull-Fight Committee last week.

Ortega had won a strike, Mexico had won a diplomatic victory. Armellita, once ready to abandon his Spanish season, had won the right to fight bulls in Spain.

To the thousands of farms boys of Navarra, in town for a week of wining, dancing, singing, religious parading, fireworks and bull-fighting during the Feria of San Fermin, the high politics, labor trouble and big business compromising meant only that they could thrill two days instead of three to Armellita's trick of leading the bull's horns close, their needle-points roughening the silk under his arm-pit, while he stood completely composed.

They howled at Ortega; and even when he dispatched his two big glistening black bulls in impeccable form they pitched paper-covered cushions and beer bottles into the ring as American fans would hurl pop bottles if a rival barred Lou Gehrig from his full number of appearances at bat.

Contests Halted—Ortega delayed bull-fights five weeks ago at Cordoba by striking. Others had halted bull-fights in Madrid. Armellita, with ninety contracts for the season, was receiving more favors than any Spaniard ever had in Mexico. The others wanted reciprocity. Police brought Ortega to the Cordoba ring and he fought, grudgingly, while the Minister of Labor tried to iron out the difficulty.

Armellita, abashed, offered to let a doctor certify him ill and cancel all his contracts. Mexican diplomats protested that such a step would be a humiliation for his country.

At Pamplona Ortega had six bulls to kill on three days. Armellita, his quota cut down, had only four.

The hoots and cushions meant little to Ortega. Money was the thing. To pocket $2,100 per bull as many times as he could in a season without suffering *cogida* (goring), and tetanus infection by a splintered horn befouled with pollution from inside a picador horse was all that mattered. Armellita could buy no estates with his extra cheers.

Even two appearances at Spain's most colorful, tho not its richest Feria, were an honor to Armellita. Pamplona *afficianados* (fans), pride themselves on being the most exacting in Spain, conceding nothing to reputation, accepting only present form.

They would "ovation" Armellita, fast becoming an idol, for daring play with one bull and pelt him out of the ring with bottles and pillows if he were clumsy with the next.

Avid Crowds—Pamplona's fans are the earliest risers in Spain. At 6:30 A.M. they are out for the running of the bulls through the streets. A shout sounds. Rope sandals thud round a corner and a hundred Navarran youths scud the length of the town ahead of the six, swifter-than-horses, glistening, black bulls to be slain each day of the fête.

Those who fall roll to the angle of the wall and lie still. For moving, however slightly, death, which comes to one or more each year, is the penalty. The bulls gain until boys and bulls together roar under the bull-ring archway and hurtle into the arena.

To right and left, panicky, the boys plunge, piling in a kicking heap either side of the entrance. Straight across the ring and out the other side to the corrals, generally, tho not always, traitorous, cow-belled steers lead the fighting bulls to await death in the afternoon.

Four times last week the ancient race with death was run. Modern Spain protests it, and protests the fights that follow. Her republican rulers threaten to end bull-fighting forever. But the membrane of modernism is thin. Old Spain lives and demands its fatal drama.

Where Queen Isabella, King Charles II and King Ferdinand VII tried and failed, the Republic has small hope of success. San Fermin's Feria without its tragic afternoons would be, to Navarrans, a hollow fraud; and in Catholic, conservative Navarra the Republic is not strong enough to risk it.

Ring Slaughter—Twenty-six bulls were slain. Some $41,000 was paid to the six matadors and two *novillieros* (aspirant matadors), and spread by them among their *banderilleros*, picadors and bull-ring servants. Part of it also went to greedy bull-fight critics in return for immunity from unfavorable reviews.

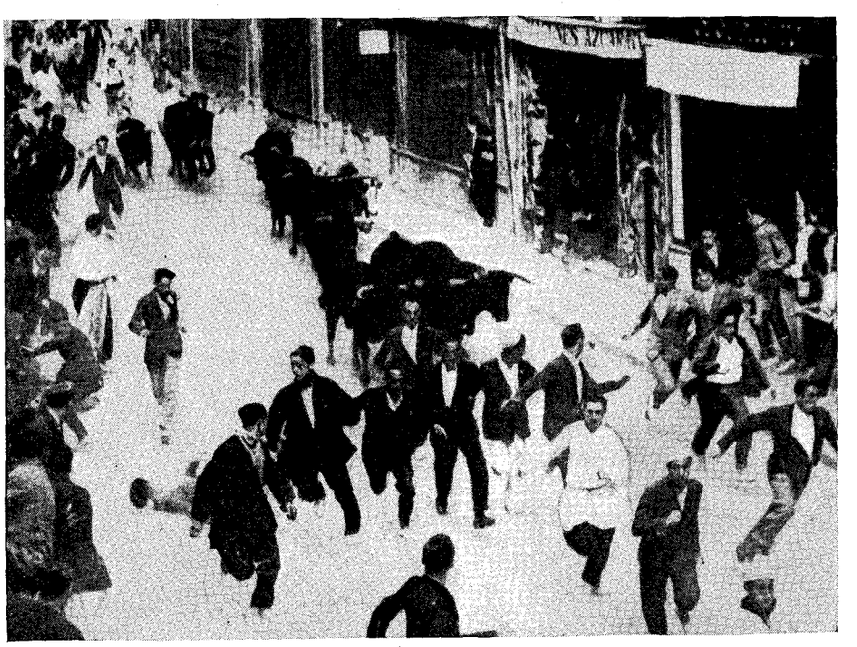
Ortega made $140,000 last year. Armellita, with seventy-five bulls, made $105,000. This year his price had risen and he had ninety contracts, which made the trouble with the Spanish matadors.

By the end of the week the whole Pamplona population and the thousands of farm lads from the hinterland were completely exhausted. The rope-soled *alpargatas* (slippers), in which the boys had danced night and day were rags. The white costumes in which they danced, cat-napped on barroom floors, and sweated in the bull-rings, were gray and rancid.

A grimy youngster, his shirt burned to brown lace from pirouetting under the world's noisiest, craziest fireworks, staggered and squirted a thin stream of red wine into his open throat from his bota (pigskin wine bottle). He wiped his chin on a sleeve and groaned.

"Eight days. No sleep. Oooooh!" He sprang to rejoin his dancing club in a last hour of the incredibly swift *riau riau* and fandango, leaping, twisting, squatting, to a plaintive pipe and a one-stick drum.

The morning of Wednesday, July 15, Pamplona was empty. Every trace, every ribbon and torn firecracker, had vanished. The sun-baked stony little Capital of Navarra was asleep until next July.



Keystone

Every bull has his day—the Feria of San Fermin—in Pamplona, Spain

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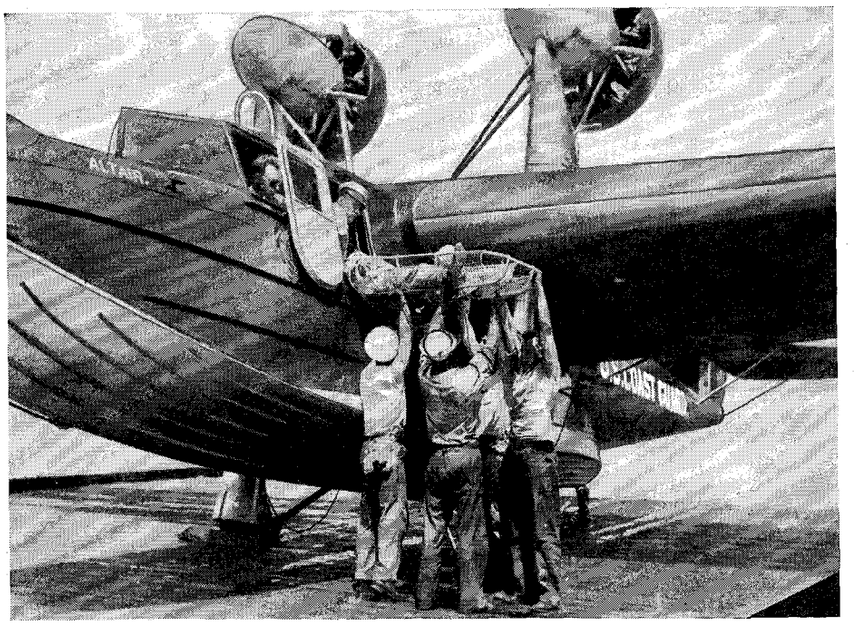
GOOD SAMARITAN OF SEA BY RADIO

MEDICO Flashed in Ether Brings Doctor's Advice to Seamen



Courtesy Bray Studios, Inc.

Called to a seaman's aid by MEDICO, a Coast Guard plane returns to shore with the sick man

M-E-D-I-C-O.

The dots and dashes came snapping through the midatlantic ether. Short-wave radios aboard freighters, tankers and yachts within a thousand miles of the call fell silent. On that great expanse of oily-smooth, fog-bound sea, the vessels, invisible to one another, were drawn to a distant bedside group. In the code of the sea had come the mariner's cry for help:

"From: *S.S. Hahira.*

"To: Radio Marine Station, Palm Beach, Fla., 2:10 P.M.

"Our pump-man badly gassed by crude oil fumes—has palpitating heart—seems to stop then begin again at intervals. What shall I do?

"MASTER."

For ten endless minutes the air that had sputtered sea gossip interspersed with a checker game between two wireless operators miles apart was devoid of sound. Then came the crackling reply:

"To: Master *S.S. Hahira.*

"Artificial respiration in fresh air necessary. Administer aromatic spirits of ammonia. Apply cloths to head. Give hypodermic of amyl nitrate. Please advise progress.

"PITTMAN, M.D."

More slowly than the *S.S. Hahira's* bows through the soupy fog, an hour and a quarter crept by. Then, to Dr. J. H. Pittman of the United States Public Health Service went the message:

"Thanks for medical advice. Remedies applied as directed. Man recovered.

"MASTER *S.S. Hahira.*"

Somewhere in the Atlantic a wireless operator with a checker-board before him tapped out his relief: "Swell. Whose move?"

MEDICO is the call of the smaller vessels which carry no physician but have an emergency case of sickness aboard. Sixty-five times since January of this year, the Seamen's Church Institute, New York, announced last week, the usual staccato chatter of short-wave radios at sea has been hushed by such a message as this:

"Fifteen-year-old girl swallowed safety pin. Open in throat. Boat not to dock until 3:30 P.M. Wound causing much pain. Please send information."

The nearest United States Marine Hospital, located at Staten Island, replied:

"Give nothing by mouth. Put in at nearest port. Must have immediate attention. Give one-sixth grain morphin hypodermic."

When the ship warped into her dock, she found an ambulance awaiting her patient. Ten minutes later, the pin was removed in the safety of a hospital.

Last spring, MEDICO arranged an even more complicated maneuver to save a life at sea.

The *S.S. Ilsenstein,* two days out of Antwerp bound for New York, was plowing through seas that shook her from stem to stern. Aboard her was a seaman with a ruptured appendix; ahead of her were ten days of rough going. She carried a ship's surgeon, but a man could scarcely keep his feet, let alone perform a delicate operation, on the sea that was running. The surgeon appealed to MEDICO for aid.

He learned that the *S.S. Europa* was in his vicinity, eastward bound. A meeting was arranged, and from the giant liner a power-boat put off through the spume. It picked up the suffering sailor, and he was carried to the *Europa's* completely equipped operating-room. With the operation a success, he was deposited in a German hospital for complete recovery.

MEDICO got the cooperation of a Coast Guard amphibian for another appendicitis victim. The plane picked up a seaman from a collier miles off the Coast and flew him to a life-saving operation ashore.

This is the fifteenth year of MEDICO. A contribution of $5,000 to the Seamen's Church Institute started it in 1921 when the late Henry A. Laughlin of Philadelphia provided money to build the small radio station KDKF. Sending medical advice to men desperately ill at sea originated with Capt. Robert Huntingdon, Superintendent of the Merchant Marine Academy of New York.

The Institute, in the beginning, operated the service from the little radio station. Doctors of the United States Public Health Service furnished free medical advice, and the station worked on day and night shifts ready to answer calls. At first, the service was limited to American ships: now it is universal.

Some 10,000 merchant vessels—freighters, oilers, barges and yachts which do not carry their own doctors—make regular use of it.

Friendly Aid—More extensive service came when Owen D. Young and David Sarnoff of the Radio Corporation of America got reports of the first year's operation. Mr. Sarnoff once had been a radio operator aboard a whaling ship in the Arctic. Medical advice he had sent one day from the ship to a desperately ill lighthouse attendant on lonely Belle Isle, off the coast of Labrador, saved the man's life.

He agreed to take over the handling of MEDICO messages. The Radiomarine Corporation of America, his company's subsidiary, now picks them up at the nearest of its thirty or more stations on the Atlantic, Pacific and Caribbean Coasts. The messages then are quickly relayed by telephone or telegraph to the nearest United States Marine Hospital. The doctors in charge receive notification immediately, and a consultation is called.

The case is diagnosed and medical advice relayed back to the ship, usually within a few minutes. There is no charge for the medical advice or the radio service connected with it.

MODERN MARCO POLOS:

Plant Explorers Enrich American Fields From Far Places

Daily, over ten million dinner tables, Young America stubbornly presses the hopeless battle against spinach, the vitamin vegetable "with sand dressing." Theirs is a lost cause, if they only knew it; for twenty years ago, Nature herself tried to stamp out the spinach menace, and science thwarted her.

Virginia's $500,000-a-year spinach canning industry was threatened with bankruptcy. A strange disease was destroying the crops in the fields. Meantime, on the high, hot plains of Manchuria, a wiry sun-tanned explorer on a mission for the United States Government had stumbled across a patch of wild spinach. Gleefully, he gathered the seed, sent a packet back to the United States. Experts of the Department of Agriculture crossed the Manchurian strain with the native Virginia. Result number one—it proved disease-resistant.

Result number two—the Virginia-Savoy spinach saved the industry in that State, which now forks an annual 800,000 extra

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bushels a year onto the plates of frequently protesting youngsters.

Before the war the farmers of southern California, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas could grow no satisfactory cotton on their acres. Plant explorers wandered sharp-eyed through out-of-the-way places of Mexico; found natives raising a strange sort of cotton under conditions like those farther north.

Yield of Millions—They brought back Acala cotton. Thousands of acres are planted to it now in the Southwest; the annual production is valued at $50,000,000.

Semiarid States of the Northwest had a similar problem: they could grow no wheat comparable to the crops of Kansas and farther east. Plant explorers went to Russia, brought back the ancestors of Kubanka, Kanred and Kharkof wheats. Others went to Australia, sent back seed of Baart and White Federation wheat; millions of acres of wheat are now planted in regions of low rainfall; where once nothing but sagebrush and coyotes grew, the rich grain flows from threshing-machines.

Five-sevenths of the food on any typical American dinner-menu comes from native American plants. These include corn, potatoes, tomatoes, pumpkins, squash and beans. Most of them were tamed and cultivated by Indian farmers before white men arrived.

The other two-sevenths is derived from imported plants, some, like wheat, oats, rye and fruits, brought by settlers; the rest resulting from the efforts of industrious plant explorers. Many native American plants have been improved by crossing with foreign varieties.

Plant-hunting is an old pursuit; people have never been satisfied with the plants Nature gave them.

Ancient Examples—Six thousand years ago, the Sumerian King Sargon crossed over the Taurus Mountains into the heart of Asia Minor and brought back specimens of trees, vines, figs and roses for acclimatization in his own land.

But it took the United States Department of Agriculture to put plant exploring on a scientific basis. A little corps of its trained botanists and horticulturists spend their lives wandering in waste and inaccessible places, or scrutinizing the back-yard garden patches of Asiatics, Europeans, Africans and South Americans.

Since the beginning of the century, these wayfarers have introduced into the country, the Department revealed last week, more than 87,000 new plants. Not all lived; of those that lived, many did not produce important changes in agriculture. But some worked spectacular revolutions.

For example, the soy-bean. Before 1903, three varieties were known here, but they could be grown only in small, restricted areas and had virtually no value. Plant explorers have brought more than 4,000 varieties from China, Japan and Manchuria since then. The soy-bean acreage jumped from 50,000 in 1907 to more than 5,000,000 last year. The annual value of this crop is $100,000,000 or more.

Wide-Spread Uses—New industries are being founded on it, for the soy-bean produces feed for animals; cheese, milk and other foods for humans; oil for paints and varnishes, and material from which chemists make electrical insulating material, automobile steering-wheels, molded plastics.

One of the best-known plant explorers was Frank N. Meyer, who wandered through China, Japan and Manchuria from 1909 until 1918, looking for plants. He had only two short vacations in America, in 1912 and 1915, and died in China in 1918. He found the wild spinach that saved the Virginia spinach industry. He sent to this country the ornamental Chinese elm. He discovered *Rosa ororata*, a standard rootstock for hothouse roses.

The American Genetic Society now awards a medal in Mr. Meyer's honor. This year it went to P. H. Dorsett, a plant explorer who has combed China, Brazil and the West Indies. From China alone he brought back 6,000 seed samples, grasses, fruits, melons and 2,000 varieties of soybeans.

SUBSEA TUNNEL: Japan to Build Vehicular and Railroad Tube Under Strait

Ringed about Japan's Inland Sea, the swarming islands of Kyushu and Shikoku, and the southern end of Honshu dot the teeming waters like so many human ant-heaps. Too far apart to be linked successfully by bridges, they have for years presented a knotty problem to engineers.

For travel by water has become hazardous. Through narrow Shimonoseki Strait, gateway to the Japanese and Yellow Seas between Kyushu and Honshu, 1,500 vessels pass daily. Tootling tugs, pot-bellied ferries and dodging, furtive *sampans* slither across the Empire's aquatic crossroads from morning to night, transferring their passengers and freight from one island to the other. The congestion is picturesque, but dangerous. Nearly half the water accidents of Japan occur here.

Last week Japanese engineers began boring preliminary shafts for a vehicular and railroad tunnel beneath the strait. It will be 3,600 feet long, about sixty feet deep—the first undersea tunnel ever attempted.

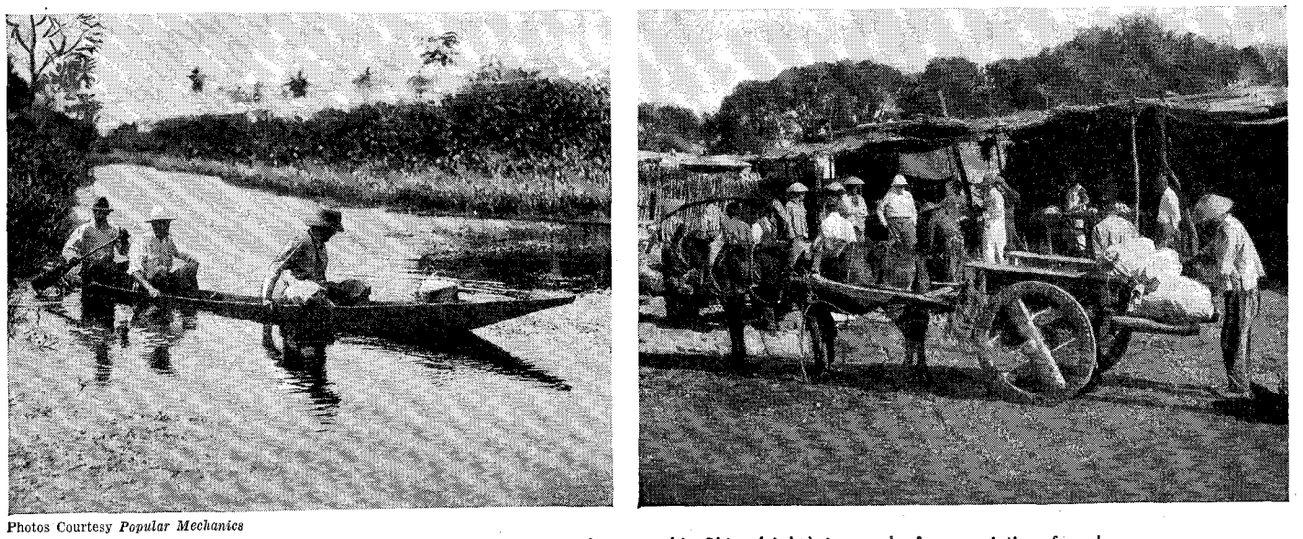
River Structures—Just 111 years ago British engineers started the world's first underwater tunnel, boring beneath the sluggish Thames. The drilling took twenty years, owing to inexperience and the hazards of the task.

Tunnels under rivers have since become fairly common. The longest and most recently completed is in England, under the Mersey River, opened two years ago by the late King George V. It is more than two miles long. A vehicular tunnel at Detroit is 2,200 feet long. The Holland Vehicular Tunnel under the Hudson River at New York is 9,250 feet from entrance to exit.

The Japanese engineers, directed by Jiro Tachibana, of the Way and Works Bureau of the Japanese Government Railways, face difficulties greater than other tunnel-builders have met.

Preliminary surveys show they will have to bore through nine kinds of rock, and in at least two places through rock-faults produced by earthquakes. The tunnel must be built flexibly enough to withstand quakes (Japan has 4,000 perceptible ones each year). The engineers expect to meet this problem by constructing a flexible tube of welded steel plates. Most underwater tunnels are made of rigid cast-iron or cast-steel sections.

Buried in the bottom of the channel, the tube must be anchored against the sweeping action of the tidal currents, which may uncover it. This will be done by sinking huge concrete blocks at either side. The currents are so swift that the preliminary rock-borings could not be made until caissons had been sunk to the bottom to protect the drillers.



Photos Courtesy *Popular Mechanics*

Plant explorers—in Africa (left), to hunt grain sorghums, and in China (right), in search of new varieties of soy-beans

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TURNING A DOLL INTO A CINEMA DEVIL

Hollywood's Masters of the Macaber Cooperate in Thriller

Lionel Barrymore and Maureen O'Sullivan, "menace" and "love interest," respectively, of "The Devil Doll"

The horror merchants of Hollywood, four in number, have more fun with a camera and an evil idea than all the writers of macaber stories put together. It is the camera that gives them the edge over their fellow craftsmen who deal out panic and fright with nothing more terrifying than a typewriter.

Chief among dabblers into the cold sweat school of cinema is Tod Browning, writer and director, who delights in giving his audiences ague fits. To his credit are six of the most hobgoblin films ever shot.

A few months ago Mr. Browning read "Burn, Witch, Burn," a novel by Abraham Merritt. In it he saw an alarming theme for a photoplay. He wrote a short outline based on the novel. He called it "The Witch of Timbuktu."

Not completely satisfied with his labors, he summoned in the three scenarists noted for efficiency in studding a film with chills.

Arousers of Fright—They were Guy Endore, who had written the novel "The Werewolf of Paris"; Eric Von Stroheim, an ancient hand at the business of affrighting picture patrons, and Garrett Ford, a specialist in the macaber. Their combined work results in "The Devil Doll," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film warranted to terrorize the most self-possessed.

The story that reaches the screen is as simple as a picture-frame. The plot, straightforwardly, is this: A convict, falsely imprisoned, escapes. Aflame with revenge, he starts to hunt down the bankers who once were his business partners. In his quest, he encounters a crazed scientist who has perfected a formula which reduces living humans to doll-size.

The scientist dies, the convict takes the formula. He already has one living doll, a girl, and he enslaves that mite in his murderous work. He opens a doll shop in Paris, lures in one enemy and transforms him to a doll. The girl doll is sent to stab a second enemy and steal valuable jewelry. The third foe is so tortured by weird events that, in abject panic, he confesses the conspiracy against the former convict.

Garnished Plot—Into that comparatively uninvolved plot, the writers have poured a wealth of shudders. Where they left off, Mr. Browning has begun.

A typical Browning touch: a child lies asleep in its crib, having gone to bed clutching a doll. The doll waits until the child is deep in sleep, then wriggles loose, climbs out and down the crib, tiptoes to a dresser and climbs up. There it steals jewels half her size, stows them, then laboriously climbs up on an adult bed and stabs the giant sleeping there.

The scene in which the mite creeps along the covers of the bed in which the banker sleeps, looking artfully for a vulnerable spot to stab the man, will give midsummer audiences more chills than any air-cooling device thus far perfected. It is an amazingly daring and horrifying scene.

An Old Barrymore—Lionel Barrymore plays the escaped convict. His transformation, achieved after weeks of Hollywood puttering, into an aged, seemingly kind crone, is astonishing, not only as make-up but as performance.

Grace Ford, making a screen début without a single line of dialog to utter, plays the girl-doll. It is an impressive performance, certain to win better opportunities for her in rôles of natural stature.

The bizarre story places "The Devil Doll" somewhere between an out-and-out horror picture and a novelty film. No one is going to be haunted by it, but the effect during actual screening is powerful.

West Coast trade papers, reporting a preview, were enthusiastic:

Hollywood Daily Variety: " 'The Devil Doll' is a weird sort of screen concoction which bids for entertainment on a combination of sheerest fantasy and realistic melodrama."

The Hollywood Reporter: "Intriguing as a novelty, 'The Devil Doll' is exceptionally well made, with all concerned contributing the utmost to the excellence of the fantastic plot. . . . Its horror is kept completely objective, never transcending the bounds of entertainment."

GANGWAY FO' DE LAWD:

"The Green Pastures" on View as Star Turns to Medical Career

The photoplay version of "The Green Pastures" (LITERARY DIGEST, May 16, 1936) is being released in major cities after selected débuts in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and Wichita, Kansas. Its first New York screening took place this week at the Music Hall, Rockefeller Center, New York.

Rex Ingram, Negro stage actor especially selected by Marc Connelly, the author, to play the rôle of *De Lawd,* vanished soon after the picture was finished. He was found some weeks later touring with a silver-hued trailer attached to a new car. He fended off new film offers, announced his permanent retirement from acting.

"I have played the best rôle that can be played," he said. Next step: medical school. He will complete studies, become a doctor, be physician to his race.

UNDERDOG NOW LION:

Korda, Failure in Hollywood, Becomes Leading English Producer

Alexander Korda, a discouraged man with tired eyes peering in bewilderment from behind thick lenses, left Hollywood on a drab, foggy day, sped to oblivion by the special 86 formula.

The special 86 formula is that one reserved by Hollywood for departing failures. No one goes to the train, no one sends kind *bon voyage* messages, no one even telephones to say good-by. The failure slinks out of town alone and unattended, as if his lack of success might be contaminating.

Korda had arrived in Hollywood on the crest of a trumpet's blare. He made one picture, it failed. Hollywood shrugged, decided to give this European director a chance to become familiar with American ways. Then he made his second—and last. His last for Hollywood, in any case. It was

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"The White Angel"; "The Great Ziegfeld"; "The Green Pastures"; "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford"; "San Francisco."

AAA—"Desire"; "The Singing Kid"; "Sons O'Guns"; "Fury"; "Dancing Pirate"; "Early to Bed" ; "M'liss"; "The Devil Doll."

The ratings are: *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

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the still memorable, still gigantic and impressive "Private Life of Helen of Troy." Judged by any standard, it was a superb production. Judged by Hollywood standards, it was three years ahead of its time.

Futile Praise—Korda's back was sore. Hollywood had slapped congratulations on it until he winced. Then "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" was sent out—and the unpredictable public remained away in droves. That picture didn't make five cents. It finished two talented persons: Korda as a Hollywood producer; his wife, Maria Korda, as a Hollywood star.

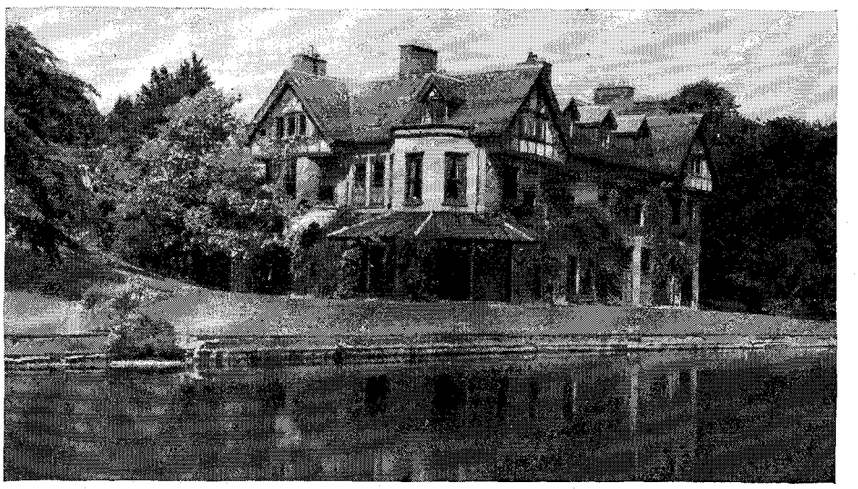
Together they fled, together they took up living in England. This summer their decision bore $5,000,000 fruit, wrapped in direct threat to the Hollywood that dismissed them so haughtily.

On the rolling sheep-fields at Denham, Buckinghamshire, a model motion-picture production plant is rising. Almost a million pounds have been poured into those meadows, most of it capital provided by the Prudential Assurance Company. Without Korda, no such loan would have been made. The man Hollywood couldn't understand and, therefore, banished, is credited with the amazing task of lifting British film production into the front ranks on a solidly, proudly competitive basis with Hollywood.

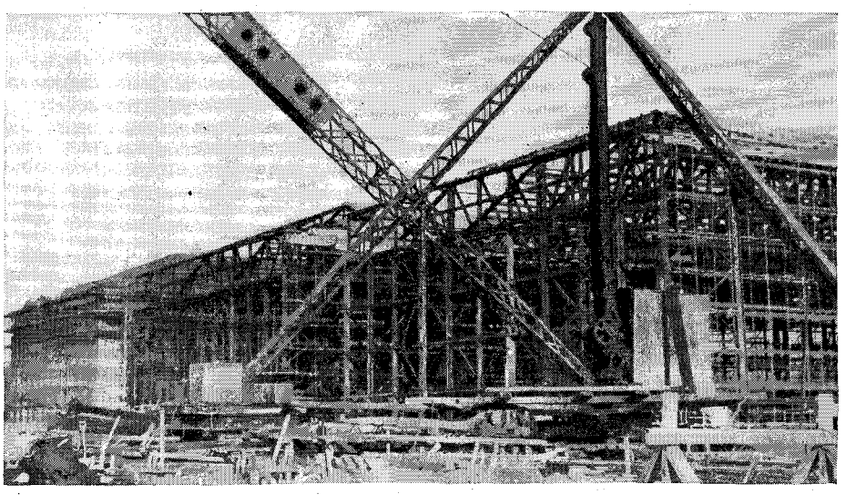
Korda had two weapons when he began a virtually single-handed assault on entrenched American films. He had the promise of British capital that it would back his project substantially and he had the knowledge that there was, in the United States, no quota barrier on British films.

The first wedge in Korda's grasp was the steadily advancing slogan "Buy British." His next was a showman's stroke: he began importing Hollywood stars, bidding them to London at fancy salaries. They came.

Fumbling Start—In the United States, the few English photoplays that had trickled through were bad. They were awkward, inferior. Korda's next task was to win critical opinion here. He did it mainly with one superb motion-picture: "The Private Life of Henry VIII." Starring Charles Laughton, a considered, intelligent film, it was the sensation of the season. Audience demands for a revival have been so constant that new prints now are being prepared and the film will make a second round of the theaters in this country.



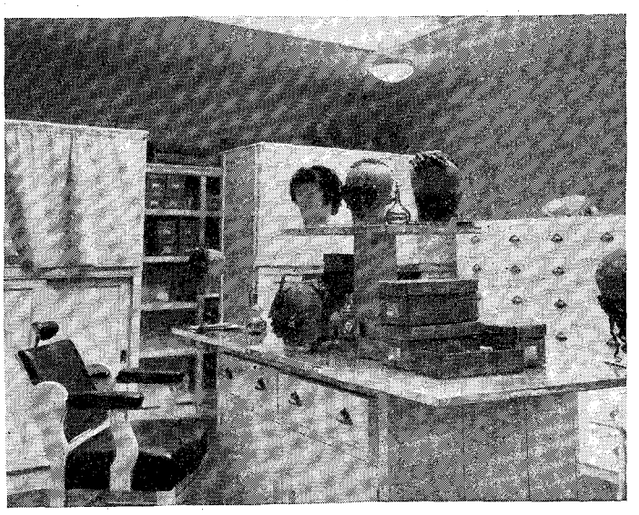
Preserving this house for its executives and script writers, London Films selected an estate in Denham as the site. . .

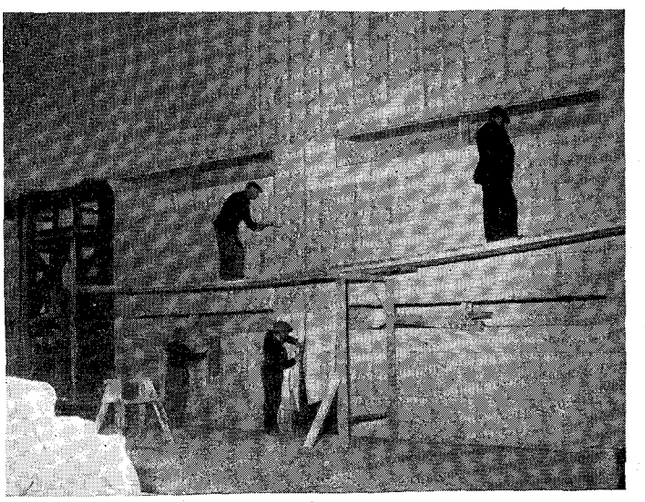


. . . on which to build its new $5,000,000 studios . . .

This picture was made by London Film Productions, which was Korda. He bolstered weak stories first with accepted American stars, then began to jettison slim scenarios and engage successful Hollywood scenarists. This kept his enterprise afloat.

While American players and writers toiled to strengthen the Korda productions, he was cannily combing the English market for British players and British writers. His last stroke was to send to Hollywood for Jack Oakey, no relation of any kind to the rotund, sweat-shirt-wearing actor of the same name. Oakey's talents had planned and built the Paramount Studios in Hollywood on the site of a former lemon-grove. He also planned and built the present First National Studios at Burbank, California.





. . . now the make-up rooms and wigs are ready, and workmen have finished fire-proofing the stages

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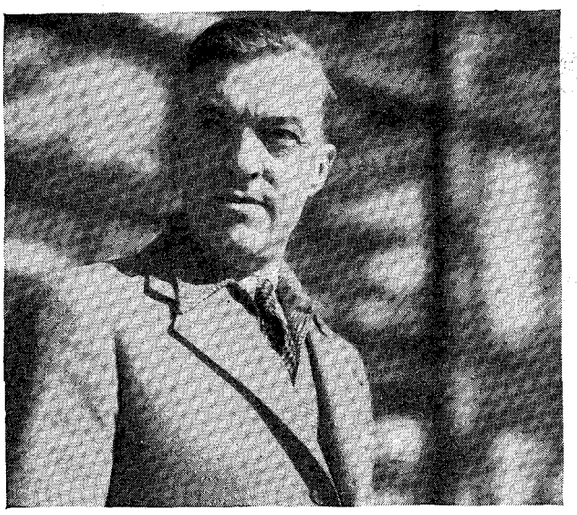
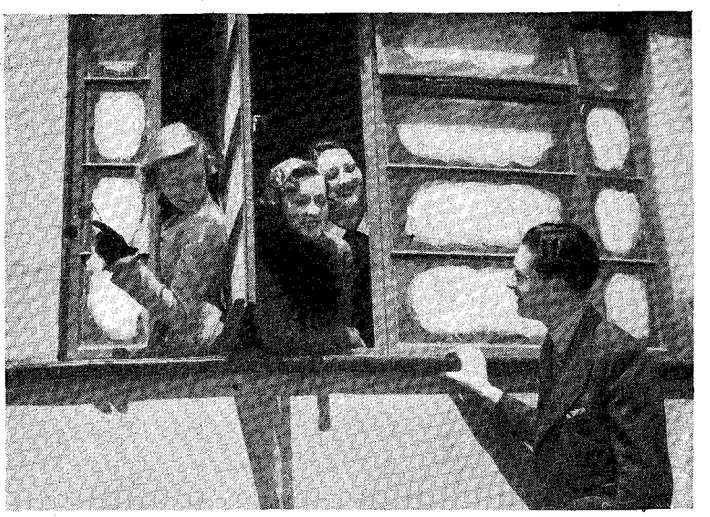




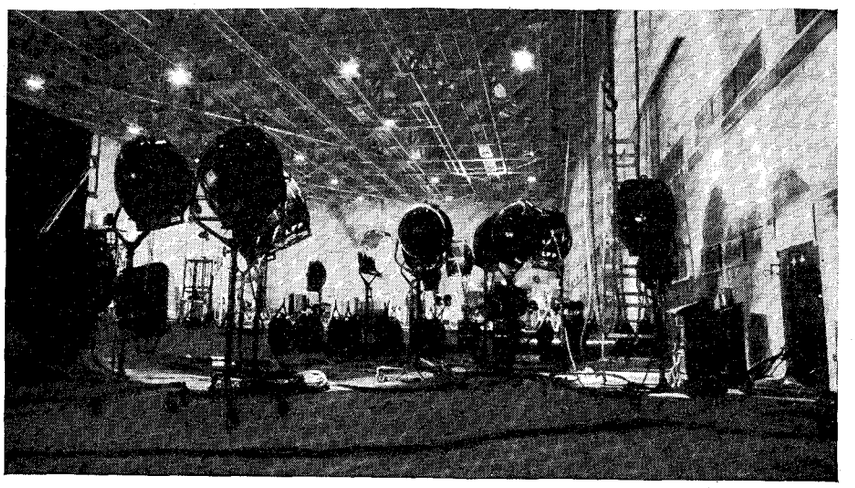
. . . Jack Oakey, Hollywood designer of England's largest movie colony, surveys the results of his work, while English stars explore the new studio . . .

Oakey was motored out to Denham, shown a timbered old manor-house and acres of sheep-meadows. In effect, £1,000,000 were put into his hands. His first decision was to save the old manor-house. It will be the executive offices and scenario-writers' retreat in Europe's largest film studio. Then he turned to construction of the studio.

Thoroughly Equipped—There are seven tremendous sound stages covering 120,000 square feet. It has ultra-modern laboratories and machine-shops, dressing-rooms, casting offices, developing plants, make-up studios.

Partial solution to an acute problem explains some of the British appreciation. The new studios gave employment to hundreds during construction, will employ thousands during production.

Heavy Schedule—No time is being wasted by the man who made "The Private Life of Henry VIII," "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The Ghost Goes West," "Things to Come" and other successes abroad and here. Soon to be shown here is his latest: "The Man Who Could Work Miracles." Meanwhile, a new Laughton film is in production: "Rembrandt." A dozen other spectacles are on schedule.



. . . sets are built, and lights installed, ready for the first production of . . .

RIDDLES SOLVED: Friend of Elgar Identifies Subjects of Composer's Tone Portraits

Important among music's puzzles was the identity of fourteen persons who "sat" for tone portraits in the famous "Enigma" variations composed by the late Sir Edward Elgar. The British musician often had said definite persons had sat for him for these music portraits, but declined ever to reveal their names. He implied his papers would reveal them after his death. They didn't.

Sir Edward left no clues when he died in 1934. This spurred an old friend, Sir Ivor Atkins, to renewed efforts. He claims success. For the London *Musical Times* he offered these names as the persons musically portrayed in the famous enigmatic tone portraits:

1. Alice Elgar, the composer's wife.
2. H. D. Stuart Powell, pianist.
3. Richard Baxter Townshend, amateur actor.
4. William M. Baker, country squire.
5. Richard Arnold, son of the poet, Matthew Arnold.
6. (Inscribed "Ysobel") Mrs. Isabel Fitton, amateur viola player.
7. Arthur Troyte Griffith.
8. Winifred Norbury.
9. August Jaeger.
10. (Inscribed "Dorabella") Dorabella Penny.
11. George Robertson Sinclair, organist of Hereford Cathedral.
12. Basil Nevinson, a cellist.
13. Lady Mary Lygon.
14. The composer himself.

. . . Alexander Korda (with cane), director of London Films, seen with René Clair, Charles Laughton, and Robert Sherwood, American playwright

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LEADER OF THE WAY IN WOOD-CARVING

Tud Kempf Creates Puppets Amid Grime of Gary's Steel Mills

Products of an ex-sailor's jack-knife: a parrot, a woman's head, and flowers of wood, with their creator, Tud Kempf

In a quaint wooden lodge, grimed with the smoke of the steel mills of Gary, Indiana, a former "gob" of the United States Navy carries on an art he learned aboard a rolling battle-wagon. To his seaman's jack-knife, however, he has added a professional wood-carver's assortment of tools: gouges, spades, files and bent chisels.

Master of a craft little practised in America, Tud (christened Francis) Kempf now devotes to the production of puppets for the Federal Children's Theater of Gary talents developed through many years, in many places from Jasper, Indiana, to Tierra del Fuego, at the tip of the Argentine. The actors he creates for this juvenile playhouse are *Mickey Mouse* characters (with the permission and approval of Walt Disney) and sprightly comic animals and persons of his own inspiration.

For more than ten years, he has been recognized as a leader and innovator in the wood-carving field. His serious, tender plaque, "Madonna," has an international reputation. C. J. Bulliett, art critic, collector and author, paid the artist this tribute in the Chicago *Daily News:*

"Kempf has the instincts of a showman, and not to know his wood-carving is to argue yourself a greenhorn in Chicago's Bohemia."

Unenthusiastic Father—Twenty-nine years ago, Tud's father, Dr. Edward J. Kempf, argued earnestly against his son's artistic interests. "You'll never make a living whittling, sketching and daubing," he warned. "Why don't you use your gift for draftsmanship in engineering?"

Tud wanted to please his father, and for a year he struggled with compass and slide-rule at Michigan State College. But his heart was not in his studies. His thoughts, like those of many an inland boy, turned oceanward when life was dull. In 1910, he rebelled, and joined the Navy to see the world.

To his disappointment, he found a sailor's life monotonous, too. There was, however, one real compensation: it leaped into color every time he was allowed to go ashore and browse around in the open-air markets of the Caribbean and South American ports where his cruises on the *Delaware* and *New Hampshire* took him.

Sailor, wood-carver, Tud Kempf was once a baseball player also. It stood him in good stead at this time. Because his fingers were as deft at snaring hot grounders as at carving trinkets for his shipmates, he got an extra number of shore leaves. As third baseman on crack service nines, he played alongside Sam Rice, later a World Series star with the Washington Senators. Wood-carving, however, was always his first and greatest love. Whenever he passed through a sun-baked town, on his way to or from a game, he stopped to bargain for knotted pieces of strange wood and sharks' bones, materials from which sailors have shaped figurines and ships in bottles since the days of the Phenicians.

Baseball Career—In 1915, after serving out his enlistment, he joined the Portsmouth team of the Virginia League. Then home beckoned after a year of whipping a white pellet across Eastern infields. He returned to Jasper, Indiana. There he continued his professional interest in sport as a member of the local West Baden champions.

"But it was the feel of wood, not the feeling of horse-hide, that was a compelling urge at that time," he says now, picking up a bladed instrument to cut a twenty-foot poplar log into a representation of Noah's Ark. "I knew I had to study art. In 1918, I went to the Chicago Art Institute for classes in painting and drawing." His sharply-outlined face broadens into a reflective grin. "I soon found myself carving fifteen or sixteen hours a day. I hardly touched a brush or pencil. Wood—grand stuff—"

The fate that had been kinking Tud Kempf's life-lines brought the United States into the World War at this time, and his drive toward artistic fame was interrupted by a ten months' Navy reenlistment.

His final decision to devote all his energy to his beloved wood came after he had tried one other expedient to earn bread and butter—lithography. He went to the Cincinnati Mechanics Institute to learn this, but the growing sale of his carvings determined him to "throw all side-lines away and go in for what I really liked. I've been traveling my own road ever since, for seventeen years of thrills."

A single devotion to wood-carving has brought Tud Kempf both lean and fat years. He manifested unusual ingenuity to market his wares. As many as ten Chicago banks a year display his carvings in their windows, to attract depositors for their vaults—an "ad" that also helps replenish the pockets of the artist's baggy trousers.

One-Man Show—For ten hours a day, he sat in a canvas-sided hut in Riverview Park, alongside Lake Michigan, during the summer of 1933 and charged admission to all who wanted to watch him cut statues from the fifty kinds of wood he uses. The climax of this show, a day in which 10,000 goggle-eyed spectators filed in and out of the shack, won him an engagement the following year in the General Exhibits Building of Chicago's Century of Progress.

With his younger brother, Tom, a radical painter whose work has been termed "fascinatingly morbid" by Windy City art critics, he revived and headed in 1934 the Chicago No Jury Art Association, an organization for presenting the work of advanced, experimental painters and sculptors. Tud is not an extreme "revolutionist" in art. Last May, he exhibited in the show of the Neoterics, most exclusive of Middle Western art clubs, whose purpose is to "link the modern and non-modern artists of Chicago."

A year ago, Mrs. Betty Kessler Lyman, plump author of children's stories and "Mother" of the Ætna Mickey Mouse Theater, invited the thirty-eight-year-old wood-carver to come to Gary and help her produce gay doll-dramas for the children of the Steel City. To her surprize, the famous artist accepted, and soon was ensconced in the attic of Ætna Lodge, formerly the office of the Ætna Powder and Explosive Company.

There, huddled over his shaving-littered work-bench, in a room crowded with the products of his knives, the ex-sailor labors all day, and a good part of the night, while the rolling-mills grumble symphonic accompaniment to his industry.

Tud still likes to use odd woods for his carving: tree-of-heaven (ailanthus), applewood, rose and blackberry-bush roots. His larger pieces are necessarily wrought from more conventional boxwood and mahogany.

Technique—"You don't shave off a queer knot or cross-grain," he explains, pointing with a sturdy, spatulate finger to a blackberry-stalk cut into the rounded figure of a rabbit. "The face or shape I want I see already in the block or branch. Carving really means cutting off all that doesn't belong to the design I've managed to glimpse in nature.

"Of course, any material you can slice has sculptures already in it, if you'll only look for them," he continues. "Ever see an angel in a cake of soap while you were taking your morning tub?"

The luckiest incident in his life, he asserts, was the time he stumbled into a ravine on an Illinois farm, ten summers ago. The farmer had been filling the ravine with pruned apple-boughs of several seasons. Not only was Kempf's fall broken, but he

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discovered in the branch-filled gulch a treasure-house of gnomes, lilies, decorated canes and frogs for his knife to sculpt. "I salvaged every bit of that wood and used it," he grinned.

He believes that his father, as a doctor, was mistaken in turning him from art for so many wasted years. He now hopes to add a contribution to psychiatry which will parallel the achievements of his oldest brother, Edward Kempf, Jr., whose treatises have been quoted by the great Freud.

"I'm writing a book to show how wood-carving can ease the mind and make people happy," says the ex-sailor. "That is what it has done for me."

CRACK CAMERA MEN:

Philadelphia Club Members Exhibit Triumphs of Their Hobby

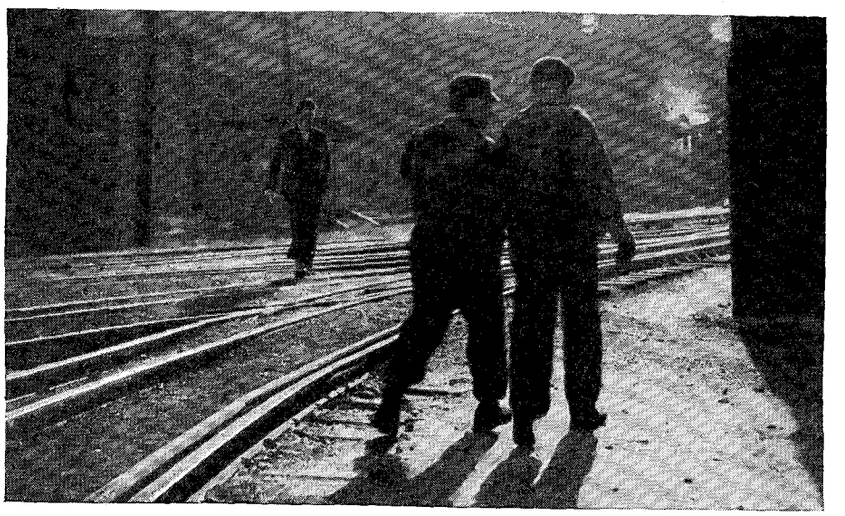
Seventy-six years ago in Philadelphia, Constant Gillou, an enthusiastic amateur photographer, endeavored to form a camera club whose members would be as interested in the new art as he was himself.

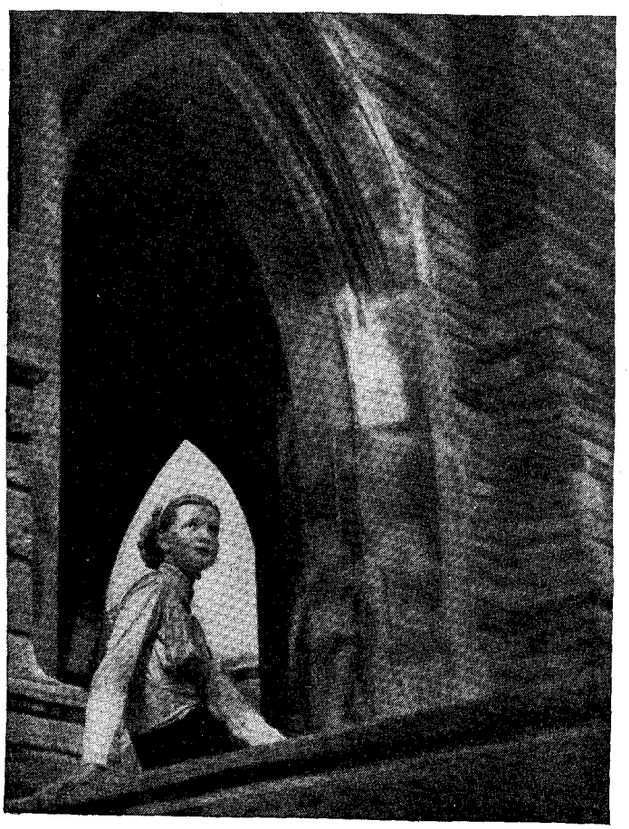
Likely candidates were approached both by letter and personal visit. The invited were courteous and pleasant. But that was all. Not until two years later (November, 1862) did the Photographic Society of Philadelphia, with Gillou as its President, blossom into being. Then fifty charter members banded to "further the scientific and artistic phases of photography and to promote interest in photography as an art."

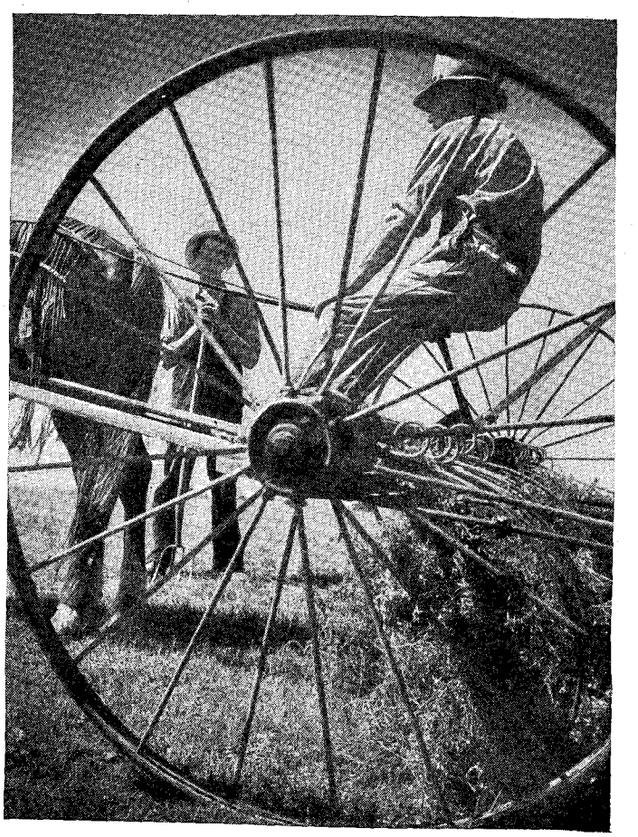
This month, present-day members of the seventy-four-year-old organization have been displaying at the New York Camera Club an exhibition of photographs: portraits, still-life studies and candid camera snap-shots, all of which were taken and developed by themselves.

Artistic and beautiful as well as unusual and bizarre, the exhibit has been drawing a crowd of visitors, mostly amateur and professional photographers, not excluding the tyros who can handle nothing more intricate than a child's box camera.

Thriving Club—To-day there are sixty-five members of the Photographic Society of Philadelphia. Almost all of them are amateurs to whom photography is a hobby. Some of them are well known. All of them are business or professional men. Wardlaw McGill Hammond, the current President, is an investment broker who was born in Cumberland, Maryland, in 1880 and came to Philadelphia in 1916.







Camera art from Philadelphia: (top to bottom) "Refusal" by Edward Quigley, "Yard Men" by John P. Mudd, A. R. P. S., "Ancient and Modern" by Wardlaw Hammond (left), and "Haying" by William M. Rittase (right)

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NEW BOOKS: Novels of 1848 Revolution and of Disillusioned Youth; York State Sagas

Summer Will Show. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. 421 pp. (New York: Viking Press; $2.50.)

Sophia Willoughby is presented as a woman of intelligence dulled by English upper-class snobbishness. As the story opens, in the tenth year of Queen Victoria's reign, she is the daughter of a man to whom she looks up, the wife of a man on whom she looks down, the mother of two very ordinary children. It requires the death of the children by smallpox to jar her into a realization of her nothingness.

Obsessed with the idea that her husband, *Frederick*, must give her another offspring, she goes to Paris, where he is philandering with a Jewess—follows him to *Minna's* house, where a party for political radicals is in progress. There, before her startled eyes, the 1848 Revolution begins. That night, *Sophia* also begins.

Forgetting her past, with scarcely a quaver she plunged into the revolt. When *Frederick* seizes her property, she rejoices because poverty has drawn her closer to *Minna*. The two women forage scraps of iron to smuggle to the Communist arsenal. *Sophia* becomes a street *chanteuse* to raise funds. Together, they go to the barricades.

In a sense a parable of our own troubled time, "Summer Will Show" accomplishes the well-nigh impossible feat of beginning as a comedy of manners and ending on an impassioned note of Crusader spirit. One detects in Sylvia Townsend Warner a touch both of Rebecca West and Virginia Woolf.

Critical Opinions—CHICAGO TRIBUNE: *"A buxom, sometimes violent and zestful novel, as different as could be imagined from her earlier work. The small but devoted public of her past may regret her abandonment of a genre distinctly her own, but 'Summer Will Show' will bring her a larger public."*

SAN FRANCISCO CALL-BULLETIN: *"Distinguished writing by the woman who wrote 'Mr. Fortune's Maggot' nine years ago, and distinguished recreation of the Paris Revolution of '48. An extraordinary story."*

Sylvia Townsend Warner: Rebecca West and Virginia Woolf left their mark

One of Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge's illustrations in "Listen For a Lonesome Drum," by Carl Carmer

Listen For a Lonesome Drum. By Carl Carmer. 381 pp. (NewYork: Farrar and Rinehart; $3.)

"Stars Fell On Alabama" passed from story into song, and Mr. Carmer became, willy-nilly, a master of American folklore. From the deep South, Mr. Carmer has returned to his own State, "York State, a country that engages the spirit, summoning strange images." He was born in the upstate hills, and as a boy, "knew what it was to lie in a meadow and wonder what kind of life there was above the crests and beyond them."

In returning to the hollows where the Onondagas kept their sacred fires, the author understands "more clearly than ever why this stretch of wrinkled land has held in the near past more of man's mystic and psychic receptivity, perhaps I should say creative imaginings, than any other region in America."

So it is that the cosmopolite learns that upper New York State is a region with its own salty individuality, a land of legendary persons past and present, rich in tales and folklore.

From Mr. Carmer one learns that New York State is the birthplace of many religions. Years ago there was the Public Universal Friend who died but lived again to ride in a gilded coach. From New York State came Joseph Smith, who hied himself westward to build his Mormon empire. And there was the man Noyes, who started an experiment in eugenics and community living, founding an industry to rival England's Sheffield Plate.

In these hills, the Shakers still hold forth in the town of Watervliet. And, of course, there's Chautauqua, land of waving handkerchiefs.

But religions make up only one section of a book containing seven. Along with Carmer, one must wander down the Bear Path Road into the Chenango Valley, stopping for the biography of an American, rediscovering the Cardiff Giant, getting in on an illegal cock-fight which is the favorite sport of the farmers thereabouts.

As Mr. Carmer relates tales from out of the York State logging camps, the stacks of logs at Fort Ticonderoga take on an air of romance. On the other hand, we learn that Rochester has gone in for respectability and mediocrity and that Buffalo is beyond the pale, classed as the beginning of the Middle West.

For the most part, in these pages, York State is a glamourous place, containing such diversified characters as rattlesnake catchers, spiritualists, gunsmiths, Indian lacrosse players and "whistle punks." One really ought to meet up with the York State whistle punks!

In the State Beyond Manhattan, Mr. Carmer has found rich diggings. It is to be hoped that he will work the rich claims of many another state.

Critical Opinions—ITHACA (N. Y.) JOURNAL: *"We know we're slightly ridiculous, and secretly we're a little proud of the fact. We don't get mad at Carl Carmer because he's found us out. . . . I imagine that by the end of five years just about the same houses in the hills will possess a copy of 'Listen For a Lonesome Drum' as now have a Bible, 'Landmarks of Tompkins County,' and the Sears, Roebuck catalog."*

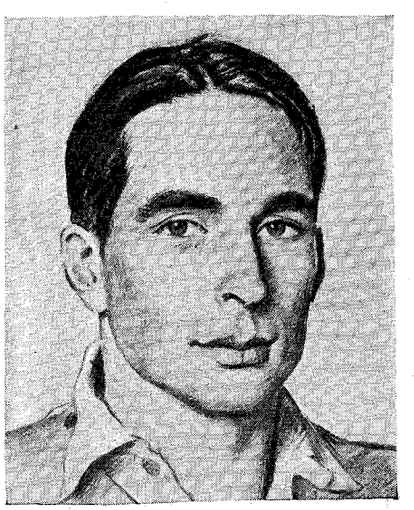
DALLAS MORNING NEWS: *"Mr. Carmer has explored a region which has gone virtually untouched since the time of Irving and Cooper. His . . . success suggests that there yet remain areas in the United States which have yielded so far only a small portion of the orally-transmitted stories which one day may go to make up an American saga."*

DETROIT NEWS: *"Full of salty anecdote and strange tales, the flavor of which can be extracted only by reading them. It is an America which can be found neither in history nor in novels. There are forty-six more books like this waiting to be written, and it is too bad that Mr. Carmer, being only human, can not write them all."*

* * *

Ever Blows the Wind. By Elliott Merrick. 382 pp. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.50.)

As a young man, Mr. Merrick decided that fear is the constant companion of city dwellers. He has written a novel, therefore, in which the virus of fear is impregnated in his hero, *Henry Frain*, while *Henry* still is a child in a prosperous suburb of New York. As the author admits that he gets his best ideas while milking his Vermont cows, one expects to find *Henry Frain*, the man, living in the country while fighting a



Elliott Merrick: he gets his best ideas while milking Vermont cows

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good portion of his battle to conquer fear. One does.

Even at an early age—*Henry* was a child during the World War period—he showed a tendency toward the simple life. With some boy companions, he threw off suburban restraint, rigging up a secret cave in the near-by woods. But fear and city folk, rolled into the character of the bigger *Joe De Vechio*, overtook him and kicked in his Thorelian idyl. *Henry* hit *Joe* more because he had to conquer his fear than because of anger. *Henry* took a beating.

This incident directed the life of the growing boy, sensitive and maladjusted throughout college, taking a fling at life aboard tramp steamers, tying himself to a wife and bowing under the blows of the depression.

The book performs some skilled autopsies on the body of middle-class life, on the trials and tribulations of a young man little interested in gin or love affairs and certainly too lacking in a zest for life to be typical of the average case-hardened young man of his generation. It has technical defects and stands up chiefly as a sensitive portrait of a child of nature.

Critical Opinion — NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE: *"Elliott Merrick's first adventure in fiction is not a very good novel; but it is a singularly appealing book. . . . It rings true. . . . As a novel 'Ever the Winds Blow' is unbalanced. There is too much college moon-calfing, not enough preparation for success on the farm. Most college boys would flunk farming worse than they ever flunked Latin. Yet there is a healthy American tang to this book, a fundamental decency that has its roots deep in American history and tradition."*

Best Sellers for June

(Compiled from reports of 91 booksellers in 67 cities)

Fiction

Sparkenbroke, by Charles Morgan. (Macmillan, $2.75.)

The Last Puritan, by George Santayana. (Scribner, $2.75.)

The Doctor, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.)

The Weather in the Streets, by Rosamond Lehmann. (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.50.)

Clansmen, by Ethel Boileau. (E. P. Dutton, $2.50.)

The Thinking Reed, by Rebecca West. (Viking Press, $2.50.)

Beyond Sing the Woods, by Trygve Gulbrannsen. (Putnam, $2.50.)

Jamaica Inn, by Daphne du Maurier. (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.)

Sanfelice, by Vincent Sheean. (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.)

South Riding, by Winifred Holtby. (Macmillan, $2.50.)

Non-Fiction

Wake Up and Live! by Dorothea Brande. (Simon & Schuster, $1.75.)

The Way of a Transgressor, by Negley Farson. (Harcourt, Brace, $3.)

Around the World in Eleven Years, by Patience, Richard and John Abbe. (Stokes, $2.)

Man, The Unknown, by Alexis Carrel. (Harper, $3.50.)

North to the Orient, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh. (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50.)

Inside Europe, by John Gunther. (Harper, $3.50.)

From a Surgeon's Journal, by Harvey Cushing. (Little, Brown, $5.)

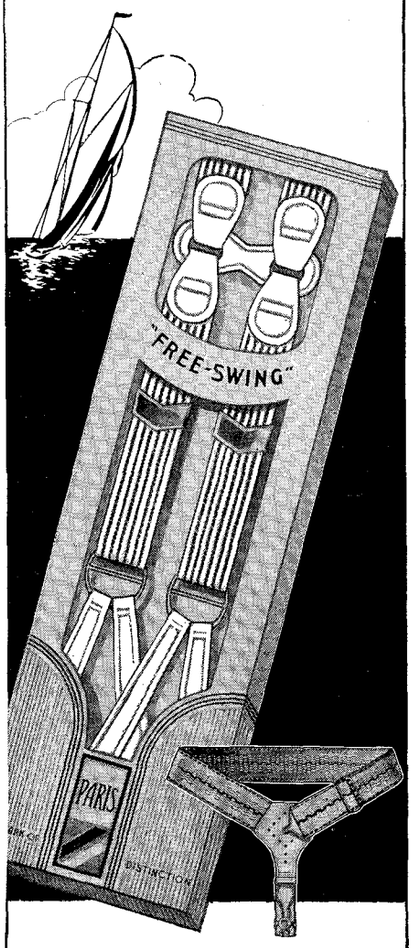
Life With Father, by Clarence Day. (Knopf, $2.)

Birds of America, ed. by T. Gilbert Pearson. (Garden City Pub. Co., $3.95.)

My Ten Years in a Quandary and How They Grew, by Robert Benchley. (Harper, $2.50.)

—From the Publishers' Weekly.

For Cool Summer Wear



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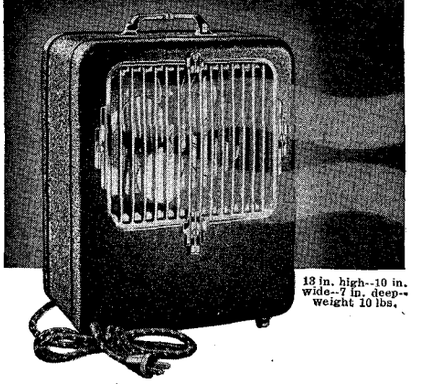

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163 EDITORS TWO TO ONE FOR LANDON

Newspaper Rush For "Kansas Coolidge's" Band-Wagon

William P. Helm, Washington Correspondent of the Kansas City *Journal-Post,* struck a dull day in September, 1934, wrote a piece mentioning the Kansas Governor, Alfred M. Landon, as a Presidential possibility. Next day the rival Kansas City *Star's* morning edition, *The Times,* carried the ball.

Within a few weeks, City Editor Roy Roberts and Kansas Editor Lacy Haynes, of *The Star,* had interested William Allen White, Editor of the Emporia *Gazette;* Henry J. Allen, Editor of the Topeka *State Journal,* and Oscar Stauffer, owner of a string of Kansas newspapers, in the Landon-for-President boom.

© International

William Randolph Hearst: twenty-seven editors receive his orders to boost Landon

Soon Senator Arthur Capper's Kansas City (Kan.) *Kansan* and Topeka *Daily Capital* joined the procession. Out in Colorado, Alfred G. ("Scoop") Hill, a migratory Kansan, swung his *Express-Courier* at Fort Collins into line. The following year, William Randolph Hearst paid a surprize visit to Topeka, talked with Landon, delivered his powerful string of papers to the "Kansas Coolidge."

Band-Wagon Scramble—With editor after editor clambering aboard the band-wagon, it needed only the gesture of nominating Frank Knox, Publisher of the Chicago *Daily News,* as Landon's running-mate to make the political onslaught of 1936 a "newspaper man's campaign" in earnest. As the New York *Post's* observer sourly remarked, "one couldn't swing a dead cat around any Cleveland hotel-lobby without hitting a Kansas editor."

Nor were newspaper men conspicuous by their absence at Philadelphia. Gruff Charlie Michelson, whose "smear Hoover" campaign earned him the job of Democratic publicity chief, once was a Hearst editor, later Washington Correspondent of the New York *World.*

Among Democratic National Committeemen who smell of printer's ink, C. E. Broughton, of the Sheboygan (Wis.) *Press;* Clark Howell, of the Atlanta *Constitution,* and Lynn Broderick, Publisher of the weekly Marysville *Advocate-Democrat,* in Landon's own State, loom large.

In the East, the majority appear to stand for Landon, altho there are notable exceptions like J. David Stern's New York *Post* and Philadelphia *Record,* and the New York *Daily News,* a tabloid with the largest circulation of any newspaper in the United States—1,600,000 daily, 2,500,000 Sunday.

Farther West, the Chicago *Tribune,* the Detroit *Free Press,* the San Francisco *Chronicle,* the Los Angeles *Times* and both Kansas City papers lead the attack on the New Deal. Last week they added a convert in Nebraska, when the Omaha *Morning World-Herald,* for half a century a Democratic wheel-horse of journalism, began slamming at Roosevelt. Kansas editors rubbed their hands with glee.

New Deal Defenders—Not all the big chains are for Landon, however. The Scripps-Howard chain of twenty-four papers, while not hesitating to criticize both the President, and, more particularly, some of his assistants, defends his record, and apparently prefers him to the Republican nominee. On Landon's side are the seven members of the Paul Block chain. The Gannett papers in New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey are editorially autonomous, but all save the Hartford *Times,* which is independent Democratic, string along with the Kansan.

Unbiased surveys indicate that from 75 to 80 per cent. of the nation's press is at odds with the New Deal, altho not all anti-Roosevelt organs are warmly pro-Landon. An *Editor & Publisher* study of 163 newspapers in a score of chains showed them two to one for the Governor.

It is the almost unprecedented activity of individual newspaper men, however, rather than the editorial attitudes of their papers, which marks the campaign apart. These stalwarts, many of them hitherto unknown, include, on the Republican side: Fred Brinkerhoff, of the Pittsburg (Kan.) *Sun and Headlight;* Fay, R. M. and Fred Seaton of the Manhattan (Kan.) *Mercury;* Joseph Martin, of the North Attleboro (Mass.) *Evening Chronicle,* Landon's Eastern campaign manager; Senator Jesse H. Metcalf, of the Providence *Journal;* Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, of the Grand Rapids *Herald;* Leroy T. Vernon, of the Chicago *Daily News;* Ross Bartley, formerly with the Associated Press.

Powerful Press—Working with Michelson for the President's reelection are Edward Roddan, formerly of Hearst's Universal Service; M. Farmer Murphy, once with the Baltimore *Sun;* Norman Baxter, on leave from his post as Press-Relations Director for the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and many others.

Among the prominent Democratic editors and publishers are Ambassador Josephus Daniels, of the Raleigh *News and Observer;* Jesse Jones, of the Houston *Chronicle;* Senator Carter Glass, of the Lynchburg (Va.) *News;* Senator Harry F. Byrd, of the Winchester (Va.) *Star;* Ambassador Robert W. Bingham, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal.*

Ernest K. Lindley, who fell under the Roosevelt spell while Albany Correspondent of the New York *World,* and whose book, "Franklin D. Roosevelt—A Career in Progressive Democracy," was a factor in the 1932 campaign, has been assigned by the New York *Herald Tribune,* dean of old-line Republican journals, to follow Landon's fortunes.

Raymond Clapper, Scripps-Howard political expert, cheers for Roosevelt, but groans when Chairman Farley calls Kansas a "typical prairie State." Not a few of the men on the job for the big news associations—the Associated Press, the United Press, International News Service, and Universal Service—where they have to be strictly non-partizan, come from Kansas, but must sit on whatever feelings they have.

Wide World

J. David Stern: three editors receive his orders to boost President Roosevelt

Earl Johnson, General News Manager of the United Press, and Lloyd Stratton, Assistant to the General Manager of the Associated Press, hail from Winfield, Kansas—a stone's throw from Independence, Landon's home-town. To them a Presidential campaign has to be just another big—and impartial—story.

JOB AGENCY: Newspaper Men's Haphazard System No Longer the Only One

When an editor in the good old days needed a reporter, it was generally a haphazard game of chance that he was compelled to employ in finding one. Unless a job-seeker happened into his office on that day, it was finally the copy-boy who was given a tryout, if a rival newspaper's star reporter could not be lured away at an acceptable salary.

Just as haphazard was the tramping newspaper man's chance of finding a job. He might pound the sidewalks for weeks or even months, before he experienced the rare good fortune of walking into an editor's office where "Bill Smith" had "just been fired" and "we're looking for a new man."

Journalism had reached a very high stage of development before it entered the brain of man to organize the field of job-hunting

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for the mutual benefit of employer and employee. It was Edgar Smith Fernald, telegraph editor of Massachusetts' famous *Springfield Republican,* who one day conceived the idea of eliminating the elements of chance in finding the right man for the right job by opening what was America's first newspaper employment agency.

Corporation Formed—Fernald died in 1934. Last week sandy-haired, jovial William H. Wilson, newly appointed President of the *Editor & Publisher* Personnel Service, journeyed to Springfield to attach his signature to the incorporation of the Fernald Agency in the organization he now heads. A month ago Mr. Wilson succeeded L. Parker Likely, who now heads a new outcropping from *Editor & Publisher's* tradepapering: the Newspaper Appraisal Corporation.

Outside of E & P Personnel Service, there is only one other similar agency in the United States, Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalism fraternity.

GUILD VICTORY: Newspaper Union Wins Fight to Represent AP Employees in Collective Bargaining

A thin, sharp-featured newspaper man scrawled his signature on the bottom of a letter one day last week, then sat back to wait for a reply from the lordly Associated Press, where he had been star reporter nine months before. Morris Watson's quietly worded request for a meeting for collective bargaining with the American Newspaper Guild was a victory chapter for him and the Guild, a stalemate for the news-service.

Backing up the request for a discussion of wages, hours, a five-day week, the National Labor Relations Board, which had just finished a poll of 188 New York employees of the Associated Press, found that eighty-one said yes, thirty no, to having the Guild represent them exclusively for collective bargaining. Seventy-seven did not vote.

Star Organizer—Last October Ace Reporter Watson was not yet Vice-President of the Guild for Wire-Services, but he was an active organizer for the newspaper man's "union." Executives told him to stop his Guild activities, finally fired him.

Out of AP work, Watson became director of *The Living Newspaper,* WPA theatrical project in New York, worked hard to strengthen the Guild. His case was taken up before Dean Charles E. Clark of the Yale Law School, trial examiner for the Labor Board, and he was ordered reinstated, with back pay to make up for his income cut. The AP refused, appealed the case.

When the Labor Board conducted its registered-mail election of AP employees and found that the majority of those who voted favored the Guild, Watson asked for a meeting with press-service executives. But his step toward victory was tempered by a retreat on another Guild battle-front. Out in Milwaukee, pickets have paraded for weeks in front of Hearst's *News* building, demanded recognition. Their strike was slowly petering out.

Guild members looked to the Wagner Labor Act and the Labor Board for more strength in their fight, sure that a test-case, even to the United States Supreme Court, would win out. The AP, the nation's biggest news-disseminator, seemed to them clearly interstate commerce, a sure victory for the labor law.

Off-Side

Sixth Twinning—A peasant woman of Kaloshevitza, Yugoslavia, has just borne her sixth set of twins.

* * *

Hellish Weather—The same Hell, Michigan, which froze over last January, roasted at 108 degrees above this summer.

* * *

Counting Crows—Mrs. Reese D. Jones of Oakland, California, testified her neighbor's rooster crowed 118 times early one morning. She kept count.

* * *

Drought in Bathing—Two baths a week is all soldiers at Fort Knox, Kentucky, are now allowed. It's the drought. For the past two weeks water has had to be carried to the post in tanks.

* * *

Revives for Bonus—Lester Naramore, who was reported killed during the World War, announces his intention of going to Washington to prove that he is still alive. He wants to collect his bonus.

* * *

Alimony Solution—Hardin Balthorpe of Chicago, ordered to pay his wife $18 alimony weekly, offered her his printing business instead. Maybe she could make it earn that much. He couldn't.

* * *

Comeback for Horses—A watering station for horses was opened in New York City last week and three more are planned by the Humane Society. A decade ago many were removed to make way for gasoline filling-stations.

* * *

Girls and Cabs—Because a taxicab driver of Tulsa, Oklahoma, borrowed his girl without his consent, H. P. Schaber took his rival's cab—also without consent. "I had to have something to get me another girl," he told the police.

* * *

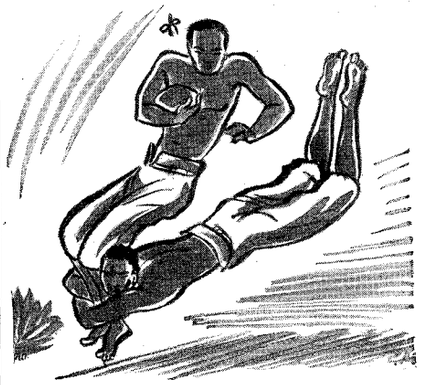
Jumping Miss Jump—Miss Ruth Jump, slim sixteen-year-old from Los Angeles, proved her surname no misnomer as she cut the water of Astoria Park Pool, Astoria, Long Island, last week. Somersaulting and diving with the greatest of ease, this daring young lady on the eight-meter tower became national high-platform diving champion.

* * *

Grass Cure—Walter Konicski of New York obtained a formal permit from the Department of Parks and Public Property to walk barefoot in the grass of a New York park daily up to 5:30 A.M., "because he was suffering from a foot ailment." After the permit was issued, Konicski decided to move to Schenectady, where he declared the grass was longer.

* * *

Ambassadorial Mixup—When the ceremonies of the inauguration of the Laredo-Mexico, D.F., highway were over, Ambassador Josephus Daniels discovered that some one had run away with his baggage. It was found later in the automobile of Vice President John N. Garner, who had taken it by mistake. "I don't mind Garner's taking the hearts of Mexico with him, but he left me without my pajamas," the Ambassador lamented.



"Wela-Ka-Hao!"

Barefoot-ball, praiseworthy and popular Hawaiian game, calls for spirit of "Wela-Ka-Hao." Island enthusiasts translate this as "go-for-broke," or, on American gridirons, "give 'em all you've got." The spirit of "Wela-Ka-Hao" imbues not only Hawaiian footballers but DOLE pineapple plantations. Soil, rain, and sun demonstrate famed Hawaiian spirit in developing world's finest pineapples. DOLE plantation workers pick perfect pineapples to go to modern, gleaming DOLE cannery.

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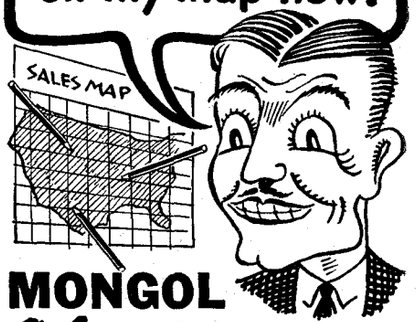

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Current Poetry

THE LOST WIFE

BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

In the daytime, maybe, your heart's not breaking,
For there's the sun and the sky and working
And the neighbors to give you a word or hear you,
But, ah, the long nights when the wind comes shaking
The cold, black curtain, pulling and jerking,
And no one there in the bed to be near you.

And worse than the clods on the coffin falling
Are the clothes in the closet that no one wears now
And the things like hairpins you're always finding.
And you wouldn't mind the ghost of her calling
As much as knowing that no one cares now
If the carpet fades when the sun gets blinding.

I look in the houses, when twilight narrows,
And in each a man comes back to a woman.
The thought of that coming has spurs to ride me.
Death, you have taken the great like sparrows,
But she was so slight, so small, so human.
You might have left her to lie beside me.

—From *Burning City*.
(Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., New York)

LINE STORM

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

White wind
Ruffle the water!
Dip its blackness
High in your hand!
Push the canoes
Deep and dipping
Splash the rowboats
Hard on the sand;

White wind,
Shake by the shoulders
Angry hemlock,
Furious oak,
Whip the berries
Down from the rowan
Make the fern crouch
Under your stroke!

White wind
Hurl your rain-sheet!
Beat the red leaves
Down to leaf mould!
Cleanse the slow lake,
Strip the forest;
The year was decaying
The year was old.

—*Portal.*

REVELATION

BY EVELYN COFFEY

I stood before a city gate,
I and my lonely soul,
Shivering in a homespun coat,
Behind a tattered veil.

The city swung an empty heart
Upon its gilded door.
I shed my longing for earth's court
And looked upon a star.

—*Skyline.*

A NUN TO MARY, VIRGIN

BY SISTER MARY ST. VIRGINIA, B.V.M.

I had gone fruitless and defenseless, Lady,
Had it not been for your strange Blossoming;
Out of the sun and rain, in still and shady
And lonely moorlands, uncaressed by wing,
My having life had been a thing to mourn for,
Passing none on nor yielding up perfume—
Without you, I had cringed beneath men's scorn for
Skylarks that soar not, trees that do not bloom.
Without you, I had had no answer to
Sharp gibes against my love and my sweet Mating—
Now, as I reach to take a Child from you,
These lips send far beyond my cloister-grating
The canticle a million maids have cried,
Finding in you themselves: and justified.

—*America.*

SONNET FROM AN OIL-FIELD

IF IT'S A WELL

BY DOROTHY MCFARLANE

Each time we move, we break another plate,
Another chair, some little thing I love.
I hang my curtains, fix the house and wait
For him to say we're due another move.
I'm tired of owing bills. I'm sick of setting
Out flowers whose blooms I know I'll never see
And we keep moving, moving, and we're getting
No younger. Well, we'll have an apple tree,
Some chickens and a cow—we'll have a farm,
Buy it outright, pay everything we owe—
If it's a well, of course. But there's no harm
In planning it. I always do, you know.
Like children with their hopes and dreams who tell
Of ships come home, I say—"If it's a well."

—*Kaleidograph.*

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT, Pulitzer Prize-winner, 1928, with "John Brown's Body," author of several noteworthy books, has recently published a volume of poems, "From a Burning City," which is winning splendid praise from all reviewers.

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Parade

Without benefit of the clanking chains and screeching brakes of his "Toonerville Trolley," **Elmer Guy**, eighty-five, died in Trenton, New Jersey. Because of his idiosyncrasies and the eccentricities of his trolley on a two-and-a-half-mile shuttle between Aldene and Kenilworth, it was generally believed that Guy contributed much to the inspiration of Fontaine Fox's cartoons of "The Toonerville Trolley."

By his appearance Guy was a familiar figure for thirty years throughout the Jersey countryside around Elizabeth; he was heavy, of medium height, florid complexion, reddish hair, with a baggy blue uniform that flapped carelessly. His wooden conveyance held thirty persons but he often squeezed in double that number.

Wide World

Miss Jacqueline Cochran, American aviatrix . . . married Floyd B. Odlum

He would shout and berate each customer either for getting on too soon or not getting off quickly enough. Through all of this cantankerousness, however, he never was known to pass a person waiting; usually he held up the trolley to wait for tardy housewives. Then grumble anew.

In recent years Guy had been enormously interested in public welfare and since his trolley was supplanted by a bus, he had been in retirement.

Patience, Richard and John Abbe, youthful authors of the country's leading non-fiction book "Around the World in 11 Years" have been signed to go to Hollywood in the fall and appear in the leading rôles of a cinema version of "High Wind in Jamaica."

Dr. Katsuma Dan, son of the late Baron Takuma Dan of Japan, married Miss Jean McNair Clark of Milford, Connecticut, in Philadelphia. They have both been associated in biological research at the University of Pennsylvania.

Ruth Bryan Owen, United States Minister to Denmark, married Capt. Boerge Rohde, a member of the Life Guard of King Christian of Denmark. It was the third marriage for the fifty-year-old daughter of the late William Jennings Bryan, mother of four children. It was the first for Captain Rohde, forty-one, described by his bride as "musically inclined, with broad interests and a fine sense of humor." The marriage took place at St. James Episcopal Church, Hyde Park, New York. Following the ceremony, which was attended by President and Mrs. Roosevelt, the wedding party were guests of the President and his wife for supper. Mrs. Rohde announced that she will continue as American Minister to Denmark and will use the name of Ruth Bryan Owen in official and literary work. She also retains her status as an American citizen. Because of her husband's title of Kammerjunker—a gentleman in attendance upon the King—"Madame Minister" may now call herself Kammerjunkerinde. Asked if it might not be disagreeable for a husband to have a lower rank than his wife, the former Mrs. Owen replied: "I can see no problems. The food tastes equally good at both ends of the table."

Long a favorite stage entertainer, **Miss Elsie Janis,** forty-seven, plans to sell everything and devote her life to charity. After debts and four servants are taken care of, her money will go to the poor. "This is a divine inspiration from God. I am doing it because I want to do something swell, something that would give me a reason for living."

During the War Miss Janis became the best known and loved entertainer overseas. Retiring several years ago, she has since written for motion-pictures and magazines and directed a revue.

"I wanted no splash and no blah about this," she wrote the editor of the Tarrytown (N. Y.) *News*.

Nibbling a piece of birthday cake, **John D. Rockefeller, Sr.,** appeared in excellent health on his ninety-seventh birthday. "I know I will live to be a hundred," he said, "just as I predicted several years ago."

"Who's Crazy" was the topic of a lecture given at the Seattle Civic Auditorium by **Representative Marion A. Zioncheck.** Simultaneously John C. Peterson, sign-painter, became the nineteenth candidate for Zioncheck's seat in Congress.

Junius Cravens, thirty-five, art critic, editor and designer, was found dead under mysterious circumstances in San Francisco.

On reaching seventy years of age on September 1, Matthew Alexander Henson will retire from the United States Customs Service. In the service since 1913, Hensen is the Negro who accompanied **Admiral Robert E. Peary** to the North Pole in 1909.

After selling matches for five years **"Old Kate" Lucille Foote** died in London. Born in Virginia, she became a theatrical star in London, married into three fortunes and lost them all. In recent years she had peddled in front of the Gaiety Theater.

Mrs. Florence Kendall—"Lady Florence" to the soldiers in France during the World War—observed her eighty-sixth birthday in Stamford, Connecticut.

"I want to lead the life of a normal girl," explained Haile Selassie's seventeen-year-old daughter, **Princess Sehai,** as she refused a motion-picture offer. "Royal born actors and actresses sacrifice dignity when they go on stage or screen."

Worn out by too much celebrating of her 100th birthday, **Mrs. Kate Huyler** of Bergenfield, New Jersey, declined to climax the festivities by an air-plane ride to California to visit a grandson.

"A great adventure, a great adventure," laughed **Prof. Albert Einstein** after a nine-hour sailing trip in a catboat on Lake Flower, N. Y.

Mrs. Evangeline L. Lindbergh deeded her Grosse Pointe Park, Michigan home, to her son, **Col. Charles A. Lindbergh.**

"The world is sick and tired of scientific achievements," said **Sir Oliver Lodge,** English scientist and psychist on his eighty-fifth birthday. "There is a surfeit of science."

Miss Jacqueline Cochran, twenty-seven-year-old American aviatrix, after narrowly escaping death in Indianapolis, admitted she is married to **Floyd B. Odlum,** President of Atlas Corporation.

King Leopold II of Belgium made **Victor J. Sudman,** President of the Black Diamond Line, a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold.

Wide World

Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, diplomat: She married a Danish captain

Accepting a challenge, **Col. Edward M. House,** seventy-seven-year-old war-time adviser of President Wilson, took his first air-plane ride at Salem, Massachusetts.

Theodore Roosevelt 3d paid a $1 fine in New York Traffic Court for obstructing a crosswalk with his automobile.

Aloha Wanderwell, widow of the murdered Capt. Walter Wanderwell, is leading an expedition from Singapore to Calcutta through the back country of Indo-China. She is accompanied by three male companions.

Dr. W. E. Thompson, 101, the nation's oldest practicing physician, still treats patients at his Bethel, Ohio, home.

A son was born to **Mrs. Kaye Don,** wife of the British car and boat racer. She is the former Eileen Martin of Greenwich, Connecticut.

Five years after making his most successful balloon flight into the stratosphere, **Prof. August Piccard** abandoned his latest attempt because of a mishap to his balloon.

Going abroad purely for pleasure and expecting to remain several weeks, **Andrew W. Mellon,** former Secretary of the Treasury, sailed on the *Berengaria*.

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TRAFFIC COPS FOR AMERICAN AIRWAYS

Moving Markers on Maps, They Are Making Flying Safer

It's 6 P.M., busiest hour of the day at the Newark Metropolitan Airport, and from the four points of the compass, planes come roaring in at nearly 200 miles an hour. As this potential air-traffic jam converges on the mile-square tarmac, the position of each plane is being logged on a map of the Middle Atlantic States and New England.

For the past fortnight, Bureau of Air Commerce "traffic cops" have been on the job at Newark, Cleveland and Chicago to see that no midair crash occurs while a new control system is being tried out.

In their new control-room on the second floor of Newark Airport's model Administration Building, two licensed pilots, earphones clamped over their heads and telephone-operator's microphones curving up from their chests, work on the chart.

Shaded red lines, widening as the Department of Commerce radio beams funnel out, mark the airways from all points. Along these lines, the control men shove tiny wooden arrows representing the 116 commercial planes that land each day.

Their telephonic equipment is linked to the offices of the dispatchers of the various air-lines running to Newark. From their reports, the Federal control men calculate the speed at which incoming and outgoing planes are traveling. Every fifteen minutes, they push all the arrows to their proper positions.

High Check—A buzzer whirrs, and one operator listens a moment.

"Did you get his altitude? Okey-doke."

Uncle Sam's man jots down on the big blackboard on his left hand the number given to the trip, the time, the position of the plane, and the altitude. His calipers become busy, and the wooden arrows are shoved ahead after hasty calculations. Three air-transports on two lines from the West are drawing closer. There are quick phone-calls to dispatchers of the two lines. An Ediphone takes down the conversational interplay "for the record."

Atop the Administration Building is an all-glass conning-tower, scanning the landing-field in every direction. In this observatory, one occupant uses binoculars while the other holds a microphonic radiotelephone transmitter in his hand. As one of the City of Newark's controllers scans the lowering horizon, the radioman keeps his ear cocked on the loud-speaker beside him connected with Station WREE's receiving equipment. The horn splutters:

"Plane 147 to Newark. Plane 147 to Newark. Flight 6."

"Newark to Flight 6. Newark to Flight 6. Go ahead," the operator barks into the "mike."

"Plane 147 to Newark. Two miles south of Princeton at 3,200 feet. Arriving in fifteen minutes.

"What are ground conditions at Newark?" the loud-speaker chimes back.

"Flight 6, two miles south of Princeton at 3,200.

"Okey-doke, Flight 6. Ground conditions—ceiling 700 feet and falling. Visibility two miles. Thickening mist. Wind S4. Got it, Flight 6?"

"Okey-doke, Newark."

Four Ways—Down below the tower in their control-room, *Uncle Sam's* aerial traffic cops watch their checking-points for incoming planes—Martin's Creek for Westerners, Camden for those from Dixie, New Hackensack for Northerners, and Stamford for New England Yankees.

On the ground, mail-handlers, bootblacks, clerks, typists, barbers, bell-hops, waitresses, signalmen, gatekeepers, guards, and skilled and unskilled artizans, in addition to the regular air-line employees engaged in plane traffic and control, go about their allotted tasks as the air-port hums with activity. For every plane in the air, there are 105 persons on the ground to make sure that it stays aloft and descends when it should.

The radio operator speaks again:

"Newark to Flight 6. Come on in. Ceiling lifted to 800 but visibility down to mile and half. Come in on the beam. Use long runway. Got it?"

His loud-speaker crackles:

"Plane 147 to Newark. Okey-doke, Newark."

And the other two incoming Westerners?

"Oh," grins the control-tower chief, "they just fly back and forth on the beam at the altitude we give them, or on their own altitude, if it's correct, until we let them know that all planes are out of the way."

Pilot's Vision—It was a pilot with 7,000 flying-hours behind him who saw that it was imperative that America's airways operate their planes in orderly sequences. Overtaking planes can be warned of aircraft ahead of them, and different flight-levels assigned, obviating collisions. Already, the altitudes of all westbound planes were odd-numbered, eastbound craft had the even numbers. For example, planes flying east from Pittsburgh to Newark take altitudes of 2,000, 2,200, 2,400 feet, etc. Planes going from Newark to Pittsburgh fly at 1,900, 2,100, 2,300 feet, etc.

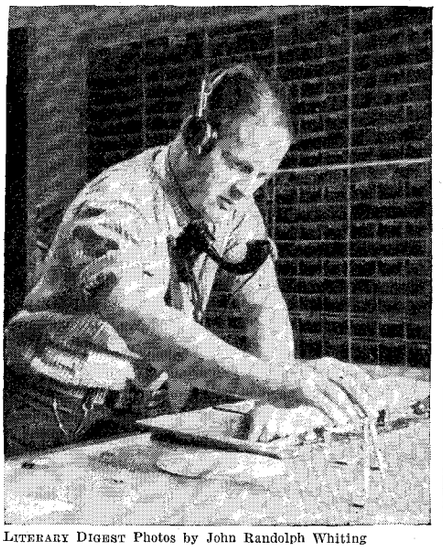
Earl F. Ward, of Berwyn, Illinois, who developed this airways-traffic control system, now being tried out, is supervising the plan for the Bureau of Air Commerce. Born in Indianapolis forty years ago, he was a flying Marine in the War. Afterward, he became a Curtiss test-pilot, flew air-mail for the Post Office Department and worked for National Air Transport. From 1927 until the time of his recent Federal assignment, he was with American Airlines, Inc.

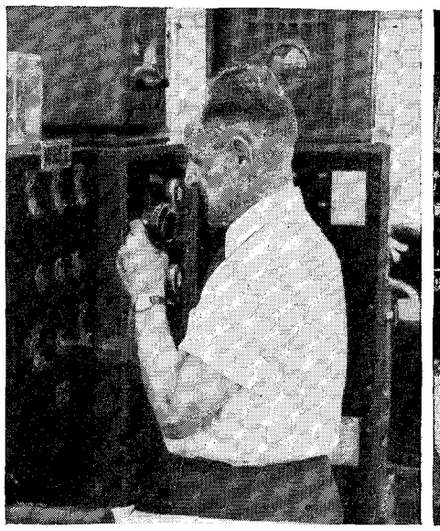
From his Washington office, Ward is coordinating all phases of airways traffic.

At Newark, for example, the control chart-room operates through Federal men, the control-tower through employees of the City of Newark, while the air-line dispatchers are engaged in private enterprise. Coordination of all these is the big job faced by the stockily built ex-Marine.

In the offices at the airports at Newark, Cleveland, and Chicago, and, later, Detroit, Washington, Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, and San Francisco, Federal aerial traffic cops, old pilots themselves, soon will be shoving along little wooden markers.

These, it is hoped, will guide the air-transport of to-morrow, carrying forty travelers, at 225 miles an hour.





LITERARY DIGEST Photos by John Randolph Whiting

Ralph Morgan Photo

When the eastbound air-liner nears its terminus, "Uncle Sam's Traffic Cop of the Airways" (left) warns the key-man in the control-tower (center) of Newark Metropolitan Airport to be on the lookout for the incoming plane, ready to flash the copilot (right) "O. K. come in" when the field is clear

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Social Service

THEE AND THOU: Quiet Quakers' Convention Draws 1,200; Dancing Between Sessions

Under summer skies throughout the United States churches have been holding the most successful yearly conventions in years.

Last week produced the most original convention of the season.

At breezy Cape May, New Jersey, 1,200 persons from nine States, Canada and England sat down to discuss ways to keep one of the most simple and solemn sects of the country in step with a changing world.

Without a formulated creed, liturgy, priesthood or outward sacrament, they had no formal prayer, no sacred music, spoke informally, addressed each other as "thee" and "thou," refused to take an oath, and never taking a vote, adopted no resolutions.

They were members of the Religious Society of Friends, or Quakers. Representing the influential and powerful 16,000 liberals out of the more than 100,000 Quakers of the country, they gather in general conference every two years. Purpose of this gathering: to prepare for the Friends' World Conference, to be held at Swarthmore and Haverford Colleges, Pennsylvania, in September, 1937.

Impressed by what he believed to be the formalism and deadness of contemporary Christianity, George Fox, son of a weaver in Leicestershire, England, laid the foundation of Quakerism in 1647. Stressing the importance of repentance and personal striving after the truth, Fox preached in churches, barns and market-places the belief that within each person reposed a divine spark, or "light of Christ."

Like Early Christians—Fox, opposing war and other civil and religious ideas, served eight terms in prison for his convictions. But his movement spread despite persecutions. It never exceeded 200,000 members, however.

During the organizing period, the name of "Friends" was chosen because of Christ's words: "I have called you friends." The word Quakers, applied because the Friends trembled and quaked with emotion at their strange meetings, first was used opprobriously.

Established at home, Friends' missionaries journeyed over Europe, Asia, Africa, the West Indies and America. The first Quakers landed in Boston from Barbados, B. W. I., in 1656. Others followed soon afterward in Rhode Island, Long Island, New Jersey. William Penn, famed Quaker, and eleven others bought Pennsylvania in 1681. By 1700 there were 50,000 to 60,000 Friends in England and as many more in America.

Chief event in early Quakerism in America was Elias Hicks' schism in 1927. Farmer-preacher and antislavery crusader, Hicks denied the miraculous conception, divinity and atonement of Christ, as well as the absolute authenticity and divine authority of the Scriptures.

With half of the Friends in the country joining, the Hicksites became the liberal branch of the sect, following the Unitarian doctrines being advanced at that time. The rest of the society became known as the Orthodox, or Conservative Friends, tending toward the evangelical beliefs which

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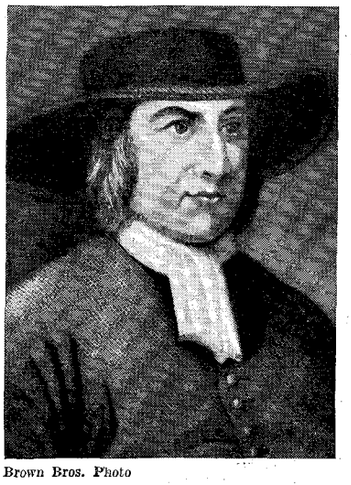

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LITERARY DIGEST Photo by Alta F. Judy

John Fox, founder of the Quakers . . . and some of his modern disciples at the Cape May, New Jersey, Convention

relaxed the formality and discipline of the religion.

To-day the Orthodox branch numbers some 80,000 members, who meet in conference every five years at Richmond, Indiana. Their last get-together took place in 1935. In the East the Orthodox and Hicksite groups are on amicable terms, while in the Midwest, stronghold of the former, liberal beliefs are suspect. The main difference of opinion currently is one of individual rather than group opinion.

The Hicksites, who first met in general conference in 1892, believe that religious belief must change along with scientific and cultural advancement.

Leaving the type of faith much to the individual, they do not believe in prepared speeches, or an organized clergy, on the theory that this conflicts with divine inspiration.

Last week's convention of the Hicksites began with the silence of a devotional meeting. Presently, in accordance with custom, several Quakers, moved by the spirit, repaired to the "facing bench" on the platform and began to speak. Said William M. Noble, an Englishman: "The surf reminds me of a few weeks ago on the Sea of Galilee."

A companion: "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted." Then the "meeting" broke up in smiles, chatter and quiet laughter.

Searching for Personality—Arthur C. Jackson, tall, curly-haired conference chairman for sixteen years, thereupon opened the official sessions. Bliss Forbush, secretary of the Baltimore Yearly Meeting, proclaimed that "God had a growing plan which will produce in the end a better personality," working itself out through discoverable laws, which Friends must find themselves.

In contrast to the quaint gray costumes and bonnets of yesteryear, the young Quaker girls donned sports clothes, sunbacked frocks, and went hatless; while men, young and old, in gay spirits, sported white flannels or other summery garb, often going in shirt-sleeves.

"Theeing" and "thouing" each other, they made high carnival of their time between sessions, cavorting on the white sand, sailing through the wind-whipped blue waters offshore, dancing to "hot" swing music on the cool convention pier.

For them convention routine is easy. Since majority rule is distasteful, they all agree upon a subject, else it is promptly shelved.

Cordiality being the convention keynote, everything marched to a hasty and happy conclusion.

With three hundred years of traditions behind them, they retreated to distant homes, prepared for the first World Conference of Friends since that held after the World War in England.

PASTOR'S PENCE: Universal Adoption of Contributory-Reserve Annuities for Clergy Urged

Scanning newspaper head-lines, tens of thousands of church workers, clerical and lay, let jaws drop one day last August when President Roosevelt's signature made the new national social security measure the law of the land.

All-embracing as it was, the act had specifically excluded workers for non-profit organizations from its old age and other benefits.

This fact promptly emphasized two points to national ecclesiastical circles: the immediate need for universal adoption of the modern contributory-reserve annuity-pension system for ministers now operating in some denominations, and its extension to hitherto neglected lay employees everywhere.

Under this up-to-date business-like system, church and minister contribute jointly to a fund which insures him a comfortable income upon retirement, or disability, with provisions for widows and orphans. Replacing antiquated charity arrangements, it envisages an eventual average pension of $1,000 a year, as expected ultimately in the Government's plan which operates similarly. Pensioners to-day receive from $200 to $1,000.

Five Systems—Five major churches employ variants of this system: Presbyterian (United States of America), Protestant Episcopal, Northern Baptist, Disciples of Christ, and Congregational-Christian.

Last week these other major bodies were considering its adoption: Methodist Episcopal, Southern Baptist, Lutheran, Reformed Church in America, Reformed Church in the United States, and Church of the Nazarene. Converts for the system were found, too, among many smaller denominations.

Eliminating the wide-spread poverty of thousands of currently indigent ministers too old to obtain its full benefits, the contributory reserve pension movement began twenty-five years ago; generally, it has been in effect only fifteen years.

Inaugurated in 1907 by the Presbyterian Church, it superseded the nation's first system of aid for aged and disabled ministers—a relief project set up by that Church in Philadelphia in 1717. Under revisions made in 1927 the Church now pays 7½ per cent. and the minister 2½ per cent. toward a 10 per cent. annual levy on his salary. Free use of a home boosts the salary for calculation purposes by 15 per cent.

The Presbyterian retirement fund to-day totals $36,000,000. Out of it last year 5,800 pensions amounting to $2,000,000 in cash went to aged or disabled preachers or widows and minor children of deceased preachers.

The Methodist Episcopal Church's General Conference in 1928 adopted a proposal for a contributory pension system similar to the Presbyterian.

Inauguration of it, however, attends upon the confidently expected merger of the northern branch of the Church with the Southern Methodist Church at the latter's conference in 1938.

Years' Service—At present, retiring Methodist ministers receive annuities based on claims made to annual Conferences. They are calculated on years of service, average salary at the particular conference and funds available for meeting current payments. Such funds are donated by individuals and local churches. To-day, the Church pension-fund amounts to $23,000,000. Last year, 9,300 beneficiaries got $2,300,000.

The Protestant Episcopal Church paid out $1,200,000 to more than 2,300 pension beneficiaries in 1935, an average of $1,000. Started in 1917, its pension system is wholly supported by the Church. Assessments are made on parishes to the extent of 7½ per cent. of the rectors' salaries.

The only denomination which has a fund—the Pilgrim Memorial Fund—from which a large share of each minister's pension is annually paid is the Congregational-Christian Church. Annual dues are 6 per cent. of the minister's salary. The Pilgrim Fund contributes a maximum of 90 per cent. of the total dues. The local church and pastor split the balance, tho currently this largely is an unfulfilled duty by the former.

Last year's annuitants numbers 968; of 574 ministers, 478 got $500.

In 1913, the Northern Baptists established both a relief and a contributory-reserve pension system. Dues of 6 per cent. of salary were raised this year to 10 for new fund members. From $21,000,000

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reserves, annual payments of $650,000 are made to 2,300 persons.

Southern Baptists have a relief and annuity fund of $1 for each of the 4,200,000 communicants—a pure coincidence. Annually out of this they pay $300,000 to 1,600 beneficiaries.

The Disciples of Christ—Christian Church or "Campbellites"—instituted in 1932 a revised contributory plan under which local churches pay 8 per cent. and pastors 2½ per cent. of the 10½ per cent. total yearly dues. Assets now amount to $2,000,000. Last year, $200,000 was distributed among 1,000 persons.

The numerous Lutheran groups, of which the United Lutheran Church is the largest, generally have adopted or are in process of adopting contributory-reserve pension plans. Basis: payments by clergymen and churches ranging from 4 to 10½ per cent. of salaries.

New Revisions—On the theory that the pension system as a whole merits improvements, the Church Pensions Conference, to which the pension-boards of twenty-four denominations belong, holds a yearly meeting to discuss revisions in November in New York.

This conference represents 129,000 churches with a membership of 25,000,000 parishioners and 113,000 ministers. It lists total pension assets of member groups at $165,000,000, out of which annual benefits of all kinds reach $9,700,000.

GAMBLING MANIA: Fever Stayed by Depression Reported Reviving Wildly Over America

"Gambling fever has America tight in its clutches," said *Variety*, national amusement weekly, last week. "There is more gambling of the plain, ordinary dice, card and wheel type in the United States than at any time since the early boom days of the '20's."

Church organizations and reform groups fighting crime believe they know the answer to the question: how can gambling-houses operate openly in many American cities? They believe the hidden link between politicians and the underworld makes possible the collection of such sums as $300,000,000 a year by punch-board operators; $200,000,000 by slot-machine owners; $750,000,000 in numbers games; $115,000,000 at gambling-houses, and the staggering sum of $2,100,000,000 by race-track bettors.

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Gambling in America: every week, nearly $80,000,000 changes hands

The broad attack on the gambling-politics hook-up was launched by the Rev. George Drew Egbert, Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Flushing, Long Island. Speaking as President of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, with headquarters in New York, he said:

"Crime is a social disorder fostered by economic and social conditions, and is increased by the disposition of the American citizen who does not respect or observe laws. . . . The history of the gambling evil demonstrates that here is the keystone in the arch which supports corruption in our political life and laxity in police systems."

Dangerous Drive—But what of the citizens who do harken to the call of duty? Walter W. Liggett, crusading editor of Minneapolis, made strong editorial attacks on organized gambling and other crime. On December 10, 1935, he was shot to death in the alley back of his home.

State Representative John M. Balton, in the Illinois Legislature, sponsored a bill to legalize hand-book race-track betting. After a mile-a-minute flight through Chicago streets last week, he met his death in a shotgun blast. (Officials said illegal "bookies" had feared Balton's measure would damage their business.)

In the meantime, church members in Providence, Rhode Island, carried the fight with a mass meeting that launched a crusade to rescind the law allowing paris mutuels betting at Narragansett Park. The Lord's Day Alliance, Presbyterian organization led by the Rev. Harry L. Bowlby, with members in every State, is fighting in State and national legislatures against bills which would legalize or aid gambling.

In spite of these efforts, last week, as every week, Americans dumped into the pockets of organized gamblers nearly $80,000,000 in cold cash. This week it probably will be more. In some parts of the country, notably in the Midwest, gambling is assuming the proportions of a craze.

According to *Variety*, Chicago has gambling casinos comparable to the biggest of the European resorts, "as lavish as the spots in Cannes, Le Touquet, Monte Carlo and Nice." The Windy City has had open gambling for years.

Wide-Open Gaming—Gambling in Detroit is nearly as open.

Toledo's six major down-town gambling joints are running full blast despite periodic police raids. Lookouts, acquainted with the police, watch at peep-holes and ring a buzzer when they see a raiding party.

"Politicians and some officials assert that law can not stop gambling," thundered Henry N. Pringle, Law Enforcement Director of the International Reform Federation, Washington, D. C., in a recent attack on the four-billion-dollar "industry."

"Of course, it can not—any more than an ax can cut wood while its owner sits by the fire playing cards. Some people thoughtlessly expect that laws automatically will stop wrongdoing.

"The suppression of gambling will fail," he said, if "officials only prune a few twigs off the vice tree, instead of applying the legal ax to the tree itself."

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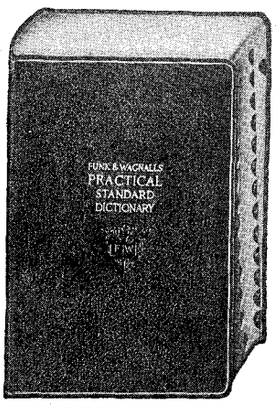

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Sport and Sportsmen

MIDGET RACING: Small Motor-Cars on Tiny Tracks Providing Thrills for Crowds

To deafening overtones of spluttering motors, squealing tires and clunking turnstiles in cities from Coast to Coast, midget automobile racing is fast bouncing into prominence as one of America's big-time sporting spectacles.

Four years ago it was a back-yard affair, a casual pastime of Pacific Coast amateur sportsmen who got a kick out of whipping around tiny dirt tracks in pint-size cars. Thrills were few, crowds were small.

On the evening of June 9 this year, 53,632 people, Philadelphia's biggest professional sports crowd since the Dempsey-Tunney fight in 1926, jammed the colossal Municipal Stadium to gape at powerful, sleek little speed-wagons plunging recklessly around the quarter-mile oval.

Crowds Attracted—In Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, Milwaukee, Toledo, Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New York and scores of smaller cities, thousands of spectators are turning out nightly for indoor and outdoor races. Even in England, Australia and Hawaii, promoters are reaping a harvest from the miniature chariots.

They've had to improve the breed considerably during those four years to put the business into the big money. No more crude, home-made racing jobs of the old days, with a top speed of sixty miles an hour and a top value of a few hundred dollars. In their place are specially-designed, glittering power-plants capable of more than 100 miles an hour and costing up to $4,000 apiece.

Instead of unskilled, amateur drivers with no flair for showmanship, promoters have lured noted big-car chauffeurs into the midget lists. Men like Lou Schneider, winner of the 1931 Indianapolis 500-mile race; Ronney Householder, Tony Willman, Duke Nalon and others.

The average big car driven at Indianapolis has a wheel-base of 105 inches, about ten inches less than the small passenger automobile. Midgets seldom exceed seventy-five inches. Their motors produce anywhere from fifteen to sixty-five horsepower, as contrasted with the 240 "horses" of many Indianapolis racers.

Speeding Power—On a straightaway, a midget motor can propel the 650-pound car at 120 miles an hour. Not many Indianapolis entries, with a minimum weight of 1,750 pounds empty, can exceed 165 miles an hour.

Big-car veterans like the midgets. For one thing, tracks are closer together, eliminating long jumps between dates. They can get races two or three nights a week. And there's less danger of serious injury.

The injury angle is important. Miniature racing-cars on small tracks give an illusion of sensational speed and daredeviltry.

Pudgy, cigar-like exhaust pipes belch forth orange flames and pale blue smoke. Eyes smart to acrid, pungent fumes of burning castor oil. The grotesque, sudden-death atmosphere of a Roman Colosseum hangs over the huge bowl.

Wheel to wheel, radiators often only inches behind the sharp, fin-like tail of the car ahead, the gleaming racers careen down

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the short straightaways at sixty, sometimes seventy miles an hour.

Drivers' arms see-saw frantically. Motors rasp in short, piercing bursts audible for miles away. Skidding tires scream against the asphalt as the cars fishtail around the tight curves.

A mad, hell-and-gone rush to slither ahead of the car in front before the pack of roaring midgets skids into the next banked turn. Then, once more, the deafening splutter of momentarily throttled motors as the cars skew around the bend.

Action, color, excitement—but mainly noise. Somehow the boys have a knack of making their business look like the most dangerous sport on earth.

The cars they drive glitter in new paint and chromium. Cream and black and yellow and orange cars—but never green ones. A green car is bad luck. All drivers know that. Why? They don't know that.

Nearly every race driver is superstitious. Luck counts heavily. And a professional "chauffeur" of big cars or midgets can't risk his bread and butter by tempting fortune.

Unlucky Omens—Jumbo peanuts, for instance, are bad news around a race-track. A chauffeur worries if he sees some one eating them. It's a bad omen. Last year Duke Nalon, one of the country's best midget drivers, happened to spot a spectator munching peanuts just before a race.

The Duke worried about it. On the second lap, for no good reason at all, his car swerved and was wrecked.

Lost shoes are another bad sign. Often, when a driver is thrown from his car in a smash-up, the impact pulls him right out of his shoes. Leaving "two shoes in the car" usually means a one-way ride in the ominous, black ambulance that always waits in the infield during a race.

Leaving "one shoe in the car" is a warning. A wise chauffeur who gets the warning invariably stops racing around that track until he feels the fates have forgotten about him.

At the Ascot track in California last January, Al Gordon's car spun on the first lap and threw him out. He wasn't hurt, but he left one shoe in the cockpit. Mechanics reminded him of the superstition, warned him not to continue.

Gordon laughed, drove off after minor repairs to his car. A few laps later he crashed again. This time he was killed.

Like superstitions, the terms used in midget racing are carry-overs from the big-car vocabulary. Any car is an "iron." "Getting the bugs out of an iron" means tuning the motor to eliminate mechanical troubles.

A "clunker" is an "iron" that has plenty of "bugs" in the motor. A "jaloppi" on the other hand, is not only a "clunker" in performance, but has a hopeless appearance as well.

To "take the pole" means to take first position in a race. Chauffeurs qualify for the "pole position" by preliminary time trials.

"Monkeys" are Montgomery Ward racing tires.

Most of the 200 or 300 midgets racing on recognized American tracks are powered with outboard marine motors similar to those used in small boats. They get around two miles to a gallon of special racing fuel.

About two-thirds the size of big cars, midgets cost anywhere from $400 to $4,000. On a straightaway they have done 115 miles an hour. Around a fifth-of-a mile track, they generally average fifty.

The typical midget car chauffeur is twenty-five years old and has been driving six or seven years, mainly in big cars. He got in the business as a "grease monkey" after several hungry years of watching races from the side-lines.

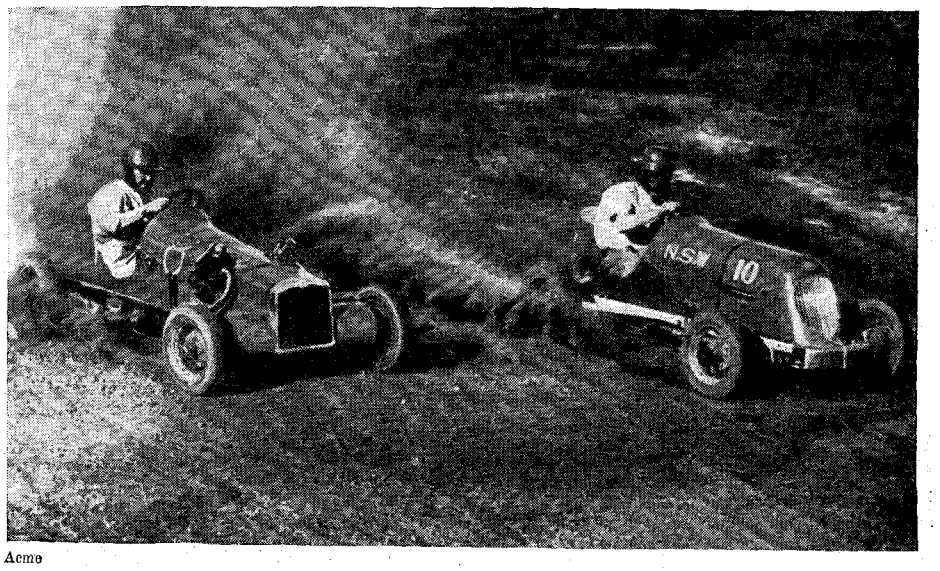
Nervous Drivers—He is married and usually makes his wife drive the family car through traffic. He doesn't like city traffic. Makes him nervous.

He takes his car from track to track on a trailer, working around the regular indoor and outdoor circuits. He is an expert mechanic.

Racing three nights a week, an owner-driver makes anywhere from $2,000 to $20,000 a year, depending on luck, his equipment and his competition. Prize-money ranges from $5 in the consolation race to $300 for winning the feature event.

Going fifty miles an hour in a midget on a small track is a constant strain. Drivers have to keep sawing away on the steering-wheel to keep from bouncing off the track. And they've got to watch other cars every second of the race.

Big-car racing, they say, is different. When a guy rounds a turn at Indianapolis, for instance, and heads into the stretch, all he has to do is jam down on the accelerator and get the "iron" rolling along at 115 or 120 miles an hour. Then he can just sit back and relax.



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Motors splutter, tires squeal, dust flies, as the midget automobiles take the curves

SPORT SHOTS

"The shortage of the Olympic funds shows very clearly that the American public will not support any team that is going to take part in such Nazi propaganda," Jeremiah T. Mahoney, former President of the Amateur Athletic Union and a leader in the movement to boycott the coming Games at Berlin, told the New York *Herald Tribune* early last week.

"We have approximately the same number of contributors to the Olympic fund as we have always had. The big difference is that they are not giving as much. I have every confidence the American public is going to support our team," answered Gustavus T. Kirby, Treasurer of the American Olympic Committee.

Announcing that the women's track and field squad had been cut from seventeen to four, that more drastic chopping of personnel in other sports might be necessary, the Olympic Committee sent out a nation-wide appeal for funds.

Within four days, donations from individuals, clubs and civic organizations in seventeen States had reduced the deficit by $20,000, and partly alleviated the most serious American Olympic financial nightmare since 1920, when the team sailed owing $25,000.

* * *

When a racing yacht is decommissioned from service, it is usually broken up in a ship-breaker's yard, the parts and fittings unceremoniously sold for junk.

Last week a stubby, British tugboat puffed out of Cowes and into the English Channel, dragging behind her the dismantled hull of the late King George V's famous racing cutter *Britannia*, winner of 231 of its 625 races since 1893, a record never equaled.

Garlanded in white daisies and red roses, the *Britannia*, built for King Edward VII and frequently sailed by his son and successor to the British Crown, was scuttled off the Isle of Wight at the stroke of midnight and sank regally to its Channel-bed grave.

* * *

Ninety bicyclists of ten nationalities hunched themselves over their handle-bars in Paris, France, last week, set off on one of the world's most grueling tests of endurance: the annual Tour de France.

The winner of the twenty-seven-day, 2,700-mile grind over the Pyrenees and the Alps and across the flatlands of Flanders will receive a cash prize of nearly $4,000. The other "iron men" will get a free ride and a chance to share in the remaining $60,000 of prize-money.

* * *

David Brown, seventy-five, oldest former British Open golf champion, died of old age last week in a poorhouse at Inveresk, Scotland, just two miles from Musselburgh, where he won the championship in 1886. Succeeding to his title of oldest living former champion is John Ball, seventy-three, of Liverpool, who won the Open in 1890.

* * *

German horse-race reporters who have "a sure thing in the fourth" might as well tell everybody about it. The information won't do the reporters any good.

"In the interests of accurate reporting," Dr. Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda and ruler of the German press, has decreed that sports writers assigned to the tracks will be fired if they bet on the races.

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WALL STREET'S NEW INVESTMENT BANK

Rockefeller Name, Three Millions Capital for Schroder House

The magic of the Rockefeller name cast excitement last week over the formation of Wall Street's newest big time investment banking firm: Schroder, Rockefeller & Co., Inc.

In sweltering Wall Street offices, brokers and bankers spotted the announcement on their "broad tape" news tickers and pricked up their ears.

Had the John D. Rockefellers entered the investment banking field?

The anticlimactic answer was, no.

No John D. Rockefeller money had gone into the Schroder, Rockefeller firm. Instead, it was the money of the late Percy A. Rockefeller's son, Avery. The John D.'s might enter the investment banking scene later, through Amerex, one-time affiliate of the Rockefellers' Chase National Bank, New York City.

Yet in Wall Street the new investment firm attracted wide attention because a substantial portion of the company's $3,000,000 capital had come from the 132-year-old private London banking firm of J. Henry Schroder & Co., one of Great Britain's Big Three private banks, and owner of a substantial interest in the J. Henry Schroder Banking Corporation of New York City.

One Kind at a Time—Three years ago the New Deal laid down the law: bankers who accept deposits (straight bankers) can not engage in investment banking (issuing securities).

Said the New Deal: choose between straight deposit banking and investment banking, but don't do both.

Wall Street's dominant commercial investment banks made their choice. J. P. Morgan & Co. chose straight banking. So did the Chase National Bank, the National City Bank, Brown Brothers, Harriman & Co., and the J. Henry Schroder Banking Corporation.

Soon, however, some officials of these institutions returned to investment banking by establishing separate independent investment banking firms. From executives in Brown Brothers, Harriman & Co., and in the City Company (investment affiliate of the National City Bank) was formed the powerful underwriting firm of Brown, Harriman & Co., Inc. From executives and officers of J. P. Morgan & Co., and Drexel and Co. (Philadelphia Morgan affiliate) last year was formed Morgan Stanley and Co., Inc.

Similarly last week Schroder, Rockefeller & Co., Inc., was formed from among the executives of the J. Henry Schroder Banking Corporation. Observers set the firm down for an important place in the banking community. In the decade prior to 1933 the J. Henry Schroder Banking Corporation had originated or participated in the flotation of $900,000,000 worth of securities.

Morgan Stanley & Co., Inc., inherited invaluable connections with rail, utility and industrial interests which had been developed by J. P. Morgan & Co. Schroder, Rockefeller & Co. inherited no such large scale contacts. On the other hand, the new firm's London connections gave it an international flavor which inevitably would steer South American and Continental financing its way if such financing were resumed.

In October, 1923, Frank C. Tiarks, a director of the Bank of England and partner in the House of Schroder, London, founded the J. Henry Schroder Banking Corporation in New York City. For President he chose the late Prentiss N. Gray, Hoover aid in Belgium. To guard the London firm's controlling interest, Baron Bruno Schroder, partner in the J. Henry Schroder Co., London, assumed the Chairmanship of the Board.

Like the London house, the new firm proceeded to issue acceptances to finance

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Gerald E. Donovan: from Harvard to Goldman Sachs to Schroder

trade in coffee, leather, cotton, cocoa. It also issued securities.

The first J. Henry Schroder, granduncle of the present Baron Schroder, had left his native Cologne to seek his fortune in London at the time England was losing her American colonies. In true merchant banker fashion he began as an importer. In 1804 he established a private bank to finance other importers.

He passed the banking house on to a son who lived to a childless old age and bequeathed the business to a German nephew, Baron Schroder. The then young Baron promptly moved his belongings from Hamburg to London and set about building a banking house which soon earned a place beside Baring Brothers and Co., and N. M. Rothschild & Son Co., as one of England's biggest private banks.

German Banker in England—In London the stooped, seventy-year-old Baron cuts as well known a figure as does J. P. Morgan here. Under his direction J. Henry Schroder & Co. in 1930 issued $100,000,000 coffee realization bonds for the Brazilian State of Sao Paulo.

Despite its Teutonic connections the firm participated in some of the larger war-time financing operations. Most notable of these was the post-war financing for the French railways.

In New York City the related (but not affiliated) J. Henry Schroder Banking Corporation participated in Continental and South American and domestic financing. With the London Schroder house and with the Commercial Bank of Basle, the banking corporation in 1931 helped merge the electric properties in the Saar Basin, Germany, into the mighty Continental Electric Union. Notable among its operations also was the issuance of $25,000,000 Electric Shareholding Corporation bonds in 1929 and the $20,000,000 Mortgage Investment Corporation issues.

More than $2,000,000,000 worth of financing has poured into Wall Street since the first of the year. A vast sum has still to come. To win their share, Schroder, Rockefeller & Co. will need not only connections but aggressiveness.

In its favor, observers noted, was the personnel's youthfulness.

Avery Rockefeller, Vice-President, is thirty-three; Carlton P. Fuller, President, is thirty-eight; Gerald E. Donovan, Vice-President, is thirty-five. All will resign as executives from the J. Henry Schroder Banking Corporation.

Rockefeller — Loose-limbed, lean-visaged and topping six feet, Avery Rockefeller first broke into print on his own account as a runaway. In 1924 at Cannes, France, the twenty-year-old heir to the Percy A. Rockefeller millions announced to startled international society that he had been married secretly for fifteen months. The elopement had interrupted his career at Yale. He exhibited a bride, the former Ann Mark, and a several-months-old baby.

Avery's father, Percy, had tripled the $14,000,000 fortune which his father, William, younger brother of John D., had left him. At the same time he won for himself a reputation as one of the nation's most fertile-brained industrialists. Most notable of his achievements was the formation of Air Reduction Corporation and the collection of fifty-one directorships.

Avery early showed only moderate interest in expanding his fortune. In acquiring directorships he showed no interest at all. His only directorship is on Air Reduction. In 1928, after browsing about industrial enterprises in which his father had been interested, Avery turned to banking. He chose the J. Henry Schroder Banking Corporation because of its international connections and in four years won a berth as assistant treasurer in charge of the investment portfolio.

To his associates the thirty-three-year-old Avery is competent and capable of solid judgment. He commutes to his Greenwich, Connecticut, home, Nine Steps Up. He dabbles in tennis and golf and is interesting to society because he shows little interest in it.

Fuller—At Harvard Carlton P. Fuller was a schoolmate (not classmate) of two young men who also were destined for important banking careers, Thomas Lamont, Jr., and Henry Sturgis Morgan. From Harvard Fuller came away with a Phi Beta Kappa key, the ambition to be a great banker, and a wild zeal for mountain climbing. His first job was with the Guaranty Trust, known in Wall Street as maker of bankers. In 1927 he came to J. Henry Schroder Corp. and quickly rose to a vice-presidency. He lives at Westfield, New Jersey, with his wife, son and two daughters. There he is a trustee

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in the Westfield Symphony orchestra. Often he can be found at the Alpine Club, New York City, of which he is a member. There he drapes his lithe, athletic body over an armchair and listens engrossed to tales of mountain conquests.

Gerald E. Donovan:—As honor man in the Harvard School of Business Administration, Gerald E. Donovan, was chosen by the banking house of Goldman Sachs as one of the two bright young men which the house annually likes to honor with jobs. From Goldman Sachs he entered the Schroder banking house as Assistant Vice President.

SALARIES VS. WAGES:

Complaints About Executives' Pay Lessen as Dividends Rise

With the sharp cutting of dividends paid on stocks during the depression, the moan of stockholders reached to the high heavens. Then came the Securities Exchange Commission, demanding and revealing the salaries of corporation executives. Newspapers blazoned the figures in headlines across front pages. The moaning rose to a high-pitched scream.

The more belligerent owners of shares openly bearded the executives at the annual meetings of their corporations. "Why," they challenged, "should executives receive yearly salaries and bonuses of $100,000 and more while dividends dwindle to the point of extinction?"

Heated Retort—Only recently, Myron C. Taylor, $166,786-a-year Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, faced one of these executive-baiters. He said heatedly:

"I think that many of us take too narrow a view on the whole salary question. I do not like any one to attack the salaries that this corporation's executives receive. I resent it.

"Experience and talent are a man's capital. One of the most difficult problems of administration is to find men of desirable qualifications. The matter of compensation is minor, for the whole capital of the company is in their hands, and their responsibilities are commensurate with the size of the enterprise."

As earnings rose with business improvement and dividend increases became more usual than cuts, the yowls of stockholders diminished. But labor began to scan the 1935 salaries and bonuses that topped the $100,000 figure: Among them were these—George W. Hill, American Tobacco Company, $304,398; Charles M. Schwab, Bethlehem Steel, $203,332; F. B. Davis, United States Rubber, $125,220; E. R. Crawford, McKeesport Tin Plate, $225,416; Joseph Wiltshire, Standard Brands, $152,689. And labor took up the cry: "We want and deserve a greater share of the profits."

Opinion continues to differ widely on the social justice back of the division of corporation pay-rolls and profits. The National Association of Manufacturers decided to cast light on this division through a fact-finding hunt. Through its membership, it speaks for manufacturers who employ about 85 per cent. of the country's industrial workers. Its President, Colby M. Chester, is also President of General Foods Corporation.

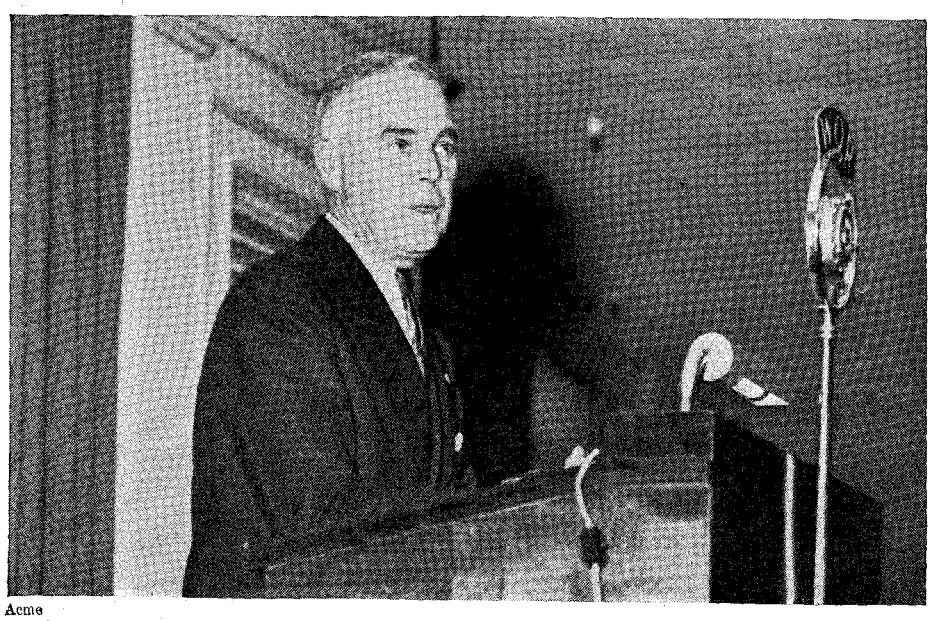
After an elaborate questionnaire survey, the NAM released its findings last week. They cover 694 companies, both big and small, in twenty-five broad branches of industry. Total yearly pay-rolls of the group, mostly for 1935, reached $1,761,926,755 and total sales amounted to $7,568,795193. The companies employ 1,258,834 workers.

"A wholly false and misleading impression of the portion of the pay-roll received by top executives," said NAM in its conclusion, "has been created in the minds of many Americans by the publication of the salaries of executives of certain large corporations."

Contrast with Wages—To back up its statement the Association revealed, on the basis of its study, that executives' salaries, including bonuses, comprised less than 3 per cent. of total pay-rolls and only six-tenths of one per cent. of sales. Included in top executives are the Chairman, President, Vice-Presidents, Treasurer and Secretary of each company.

Had each worker received his proportionate share of the salaries and bonuses distributed to executives, his pay would have been increased only about $3 a month. Had the amount been distributed to common stockholders, it would have amounted to 13 cents for each share.

Actually, the survey disclosed, executive salaries range from about 33 per cent. of the total pay-roll in small businesses



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Colby M. Chester, President of the National Association of Manufacturers, whose members employ about 85 per cent. of the nation's industrial workers

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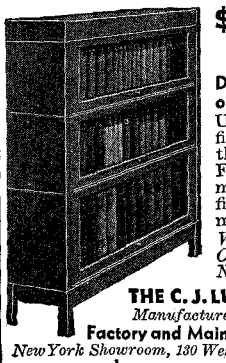

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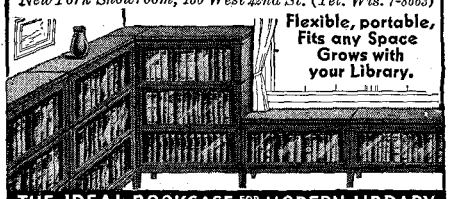

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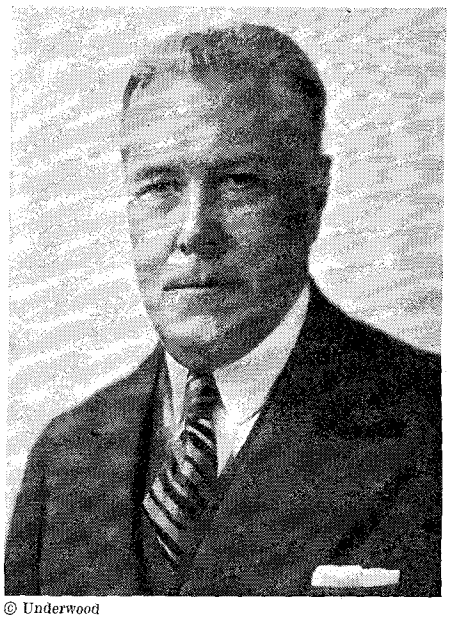

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Myron C. Taylor, defender of high salaries: "Experience and talent are a man's capital"

employing from one to twenty-five persons, to 1 per cent. of the total in large businesses employing more than 5,000 workers. But the average for the 694 companies worked out less than 3 per cent.

Shifting to another tack, the Association declared that executive salaries dwindle into insignificance compared with the tax burden weighing down on these same companies. This, it said, amounted to 34 per cent. of the total pay-roll, or more than eleven times the salaries and bonuses paid to executives. The taxes, including all Federal, State and local levies paid by the companies themselves, amounted to 8 per cent. of total sales and $2 a share of common stock.

Among divisions of business, the seven companies surveyed in the oil industry, each employing 5,000 or more workers, suffered the heaviest. Taxes of these companies amounted to 120 per cent. of the $222,159,050 total pay-roll, 25 per cent. of sales, $5 for each share of common stock compared with dividends paid of 80 cents a share, and $2,111 for each employee.

Heavy Levies—Next came the public utilities with taxes amounting to 59 per cent. of total pay-rolls and $1 for each share of common stock. Others included pharmaceutical products, 47 per cent. of total pay-rolls and 81 cents a share; automotive manufacturing, 37 per cent. and $5; food, 28 per cent. and $3; rubber products, 25 per cent. and $6; chemicals and allied products, 23 per cent. and $1.

Accepting the survey as indicative of American industry in general, the Association sounded a clarion call:

"Let the American people turn the same spotlight of public attention on taxes that had been turned on executive salaries," it demanded. "Let industry be relieved of a portion of this overwhelming tax burden and it will be in a far better position to reemploy many of those who are now unemployed or on the public pay-roll."

"All doubtless true," commented *The Wall Street Journal*. "But the fact is that no statistics of this or any sort will suffice to settle the controversy over corporate salaries to major executives for the simple reason that it is a matter mainly of emotion and not mathematics.

"If it were merely a question whether or not a highly-paid executive were 'worth' his salary to his company—on the principle that 'the laborer is worthy of his hire'—we might arrive at some kind of standard or yardstick for measurement of his worth. If it were merely a question of market supply and demand of first-class ability in management, the thing would settle itself in the market. But the question in fact is neither.

"What we have is a general feeling that a salary of, say, $250,000 per annum is too much for any one, no matter how much the recipient may be worth to his company . . . and 'feeling' is usually the strongest kind of conviction."

EGGS FROM CHINA: Millions Frozen for Shipment as Drought Cuts U. S. Supply

Into refrigerated holds of American-bound ships, coolie longshoremen at Shanghai last week rushed hundreds of containers of frozen and processed eggs. To Chinese exporters, the withering American drought spelled opportunity. Into the breach they hastened to meet the demand resulting from reduced supplies of fresh eggs.

On their ability to refrigerate eggs for periods ranging up to half a year and upon their genius in eliminating unfit eggs, Chinese exporters have built an $8,000,000 annual business with seventeen countries. For refrigeration they depend on Yankee engineering ingenuity; for eliminating unfit eggs, on trained Oriental noses.

Daily, in half-a-dozen egg-breaking establishments in Shanghai, center of the industry, some 3,000 Chinese maidens pass under tiny nostrils as many as 10,000,000 eggs. More simple is it for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for an unsavory egg to escape detection by a Celestial sniffer.

They range themselves on long benches before low tables, about 600 to an establishment.

Deft Separation—Into a cup before her the smeller breaks the egg, lifts it to her nose. Into a metal container, similar to a milk can, it goes if it passes muster. If not, it lands in a refuse bucket. A supervisor whose sense of smell excels that of the routine smellers then dips her nose into the container. On passing the test, the broken eggs are moved to a central tank, where the chief smeller of the establishment inhales their aroma. So delicate are chief smellers' nostrils that they can detect one bad egg in several thousand.

From the final smelling, the eggs are pumped to a separating tank, whence they emerge as whites and as yolks. These are "hardened" in refrigerated warehouses outfitted mostly by the York Ice Machinery Co. of Brooklyn, New York, and remain from three to six months until they are shipped.

Some portions of the egg-yolks are dried by patented processes. In addition, large amounts of unbroken eggs are frozen in the shell, forming the bulk of exports. Because of cheap agricultural and processing costs, China for fifteen years has enjoyed a virtual monopoly on the frozen egg business.

In 1934 (the latest available census) Chinese exporters shipped 25,682,181 Chinese dollars' worth of frozen egg products to seventeen nations. (Three Chinese dollars equal one American.) To America were shipped 1,477,707 Chinese dollars' worth. The bulk, 16,770,000 Chinese dollars, was shipped to England. There, as in the United States, Germany, The Netherlands and Belgium, the frozen eggs were welcomed by bakers, candy manufacturers and other food processors.

Vast Industry—During the spring and summer seasons, from 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 eggs enter Shanghai daily from the Chinese hinterland. Since commercial chicken farming is relatively rare in China, the vast egg production comes from small individual farms in which the average number of chickens does not exceed 100.

Through a system of all-water routes, the eggs are floated down innumerable small streams to the Yangtse River. On this river daily flow literally millions of eggs to egg-breaking establishments in Shanghai.

Last year in Great Britain, conservatives in Parliament aimed a heavy blow at the Chinese frozen egg trade. By charging that Chinese eggs did not pass western sanitation tests, conservative M.P.'s sought to raise tariff barriers and shut Chinese eggs from the English market. Investigation disclosed that the Chinese egg sanitation record was spotless.

Courtesy York Ice Machinery Corporation, York, Pennsylvania

China's expert egg-smellers in action

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Mail

(Continued from page 1)

progressive of the British possessions in East Africa from the point of view of native agriculture and social welfare, such as educational and public health."
New York. GEORGE S. SCHUYLER.

[To Uganda's civilized blacks, THE LITERARY DIGEST apologizes for an unintentioned slight. —*Editor.*]

Sultan

Sir:—In a recent issue you speak of the dynasty which goes back to the Prophet of Islam with a 500-year genealogy. Where are these 500 years?

The Prophet of Islam is Mohammed, as sure as Allah is Allah. Mohammed was born (according to the New Standard Encyclopedia) about 570 and died about 632. The last ruler of the dynasty died in June, 1936. 632 plus 500 makes 1936? Or 1936 minus 500 leaves 632? Or what? EDGAR S. BRIGHTMAN.
Newton Center, Massachusetts.

[In "The Commonwealth of the Philippines," George A. Malcolm, Senior Justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippines, writes of the late Sultan:

"His is a dynasty which goes back to Mohammed with a genealogy of fully five hundred years."

The Sultan's Sulu-conquering ancestor was a descendant of the Prophet of Islam, but his family tree is documented only for 500 years.—*Editor.*]

Psychical Discoveries

Sir:—Tho I have been a reader of your very interesting paper for more than a quarter of a century, I do not remember having read an article referring to *Psychical Discoveries.* Why? What is more vital or interesting?
Mexico City, Mexico. ARNOLD MARBURG.

[See "Scientific Tests for Telepathy" in the February 15, 1936, issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST.—*Editor.*]

Jonah and the Whale

Sir:—The recent article on "Jonah and the Whale" states that the New Testament and parts of the Old were written in Aramaic, presumably originally.

As this differs from the generally accepted idea that the New Testament was written in Greek, I am writing for proof of this Aramaic idea. That Mr. Lamsa has translated into English the Gospels from the Aramaic I am aware, and I have a copy of this translation; but I have not understood that Mr. Lamsa worked from the original Gospels, but rather from an Aramaic version translated from the Greek.
East Cleveland, Ohio. E. D. HURLBURT.

Sir:—The article entitled "Jonah and the Whale: True Story?" makes curious reading for one who knows anything of the generally accepted historico-critical approach to the Bible, and who has read anything written by George M. Lamsa.

The New Testament was not written in Aramaic originally, least of all in the Syriac of the Peshitta, which Mr. Lamsa extols so much. The Peshitta is a Syriac version actually later than earlier versions known to us in two important manuscripts, the Sinaitic and the Curetonian, both translations of the original Greek Testament. These and all other Syriac versions are secondary to the Greek text and in no sense its origin.

There is now no recoverable Aramaic original of a single New Testament book, and some scholars at least think there never was such an original, being content to account for such Aramaic coloring as there is in the New Testament by supposing that the writers allowed the idiom of their native language to creep into their Greek.

I myself think the words of Jesus were first recorded in Aramaic, but were very early rendered into Greek, the *lingua franca,* with the result that the original drafts were irrevocably lost. It is significant that the hypothetical, pre-Gospel document Q, dating from about 50 A.D., was clearly a Greek work. As for the epistles of the New Testament, they were in Greek from the very first.

The Syriac, Mr. Lamsa's home tongue, is an Aramaic dialect, but not identical with either the language Jesus spoke nor with the Aramaic portions of the Old Testament, which differs from both. And Mr. Lamsa ought to know that the first form of the Gospels in the Syriac language was a Harmony, Tatian's Diatessaron, which was only with difficulty suppressed in favor of the separated Gospels.
(THE REV.) CLINTON M. CHERRY.
Ambler, Pennsylvania.

Sir:—The truth of the Old Testament account of Jonah and the Whale was attested nineteen centuries ago by the highest authority in Heaven and earth by Our Lord and Savior—Jesus—the Christ—as recorded by St. Matthew in the twelfth chapter of his Gospel in lines 38 to 42 inclusive, the King James version.
Laredo, Texas. ALBERT URBAHN.

Sir:—The controversy could have been settled by interested parties if they had read "Cruise of the Cachalot" (Grosset and Dunlap, 1898), where whales with gullets big enough to swallow a hogshead are described.
D. H. SWENGEL, M.D.
Beavertown, Michigan.

[Most authorities agree that the New Testament was written in Greek, parts from Aramaic notes. The Old Testament, they believe, came from the original Hebrew and Aramaic into Greek.

John Peabody Harrington, Ethnologist of the Smithsonian Institution, asserts in the introduction to Mr. Lamsa's book that "Greek came into the story of the New Testament only because it was the European language spoken nearest to the Semitic territory."

However, THE LITERARY DIGEST, penetrating a field where even scholars of fifty years disagree, can not be a final authority on just *how much* of the New Testament was written in Aramaic.—*Editor.*]

Saturn's Rings

Sir:—In a recent issue under "Science Shorts" I read:

"On March 5, 1656, the Dutch astronomer, Christiaan Huygens, finished assembling a new twelve-foot telescope . . . and pointed it to the planet Saturn. To his astonishment, he discovered that the planet was surrounded by a thin luminous ring" . . .

Now any one not familiar with astronomy must get the idea that this Dutch astronomer was the first to discover the rings of Saturn. Such is not the case.

The credit for the discovery of this remarkable phenomenon belongs to Galileo, who first saw the rings with his little telescope in 1610. Not long afterward the rings were edgewise to the earth so that they became invisible to Galileo and in his perplexity he asked whether Saturn had devoured his children according to the legend.
Saugus, Massachusetts. P. E. JAMESON.

[Tho Galileo first saw Saturn's rings in 1610, he thought they were moons circling close to the planet or appendages attached to it. Christiaan Huygens was first to discover that they were rings. (See "Men, Mirrors and Stars," by G. Edward Pendray, pages 48-49.)—*Editor.*]

News Summary

Sir:—I wish to express my appreciation of your magazine. It is especially valuable to me as my chief source of news from "home." I like your presentation of the news, because, with such a cross-section of press comments, I can get a fairly accurate idea, not only of the events, but also of how they are being interpreted in the United States.

I miss one feature, however, on which I had come to depend, and which is absent from the latest (April 25) issue. That is the summary of the week's news. In that summary I have found many things of interest that otherwise I must have missed entirely. There must

WHO CAUSED THE DEPRESSION AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
TELL HOW YOU WOULD BALANCE THE BUDGET IN TEN WORDS!
WHO IS THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY-JOHN HAMILTON-JIM FARLEY OR ABRAHAM LINCOLN?
ECONOMICS
ACCEPTANCE SPEECH
POLITICAL STRATEGY
FOREIGN PROBLEMS

WHO SAID SCHOOL WAS OUT?
—Talburt in the Washington Daily News

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be many others like myself who, in foreign lands, are depending largely on THE DIGEST for home news. I hope that for our sakes you will find it possible to reinstate this summary.

WALTER SWETNAM.
Garanhuns, Pernambuco, Brazil.

Meteors

Sir:—I used to wonder how meteors could be cold even if found shortly after landing, but a speed of from eight to forty-four miles *per hour* seems to be the explanation. (THE LITERARY DIGEST, June 27.)

Brooklyn, New York HERMAN D. WIECK.

[Meteors strike the earth's atmosphere at speeds as high as eight to forty-four miles a second. They are often cool upon striking, possibly because the outer material melts and blows off before heat has a chance to penetrate to the core, according to Dr. H. H. Nininger, Secretary of the Society for Research on Meteorites.—*Editor.*]

Dentistry

Sir:—As a member of the dental profession, I wish to extend my appreciation for the fine health articles appearing every week in Science and Medicine columns of THE LITERARY DIGEST. Particularly I wish to thank you for the articles entitled "2,000,000 Words on One Tooth," "Dental Boon for All," and "Diet Based on Milk as Tooth-Builder." They were interesting and informative to the general public, and a great stimulation to the dental profession. (DR.) SAMUEL BERSTEIN.
Boston, Massachusetts.

Molding a People

Sir:—I heartily appreciate the protest which is voiced against Hollywood under the heading "Molding a People" in a recent issue.

I can understand now why some people can go to a movie, come back and tell about having seen such and such a star. But when you ask them for the title of the picture or its significance they are lost. OTTO BINKELE.
New York.

California Bridges

Sir:—Here in California, we are always amazed and amused that no one in the East seems to understand that there are two bridges being built in the Port of San Francisco and also, that Oakland is east and not north of San Francisco.

The two bridges are practically at right angles to each other.

Mill Valley, California. MARY R. RAND.

Soviet Union

Sir:—The Soviet Union, in its latest and very surprizing action toward the creation of a representative government of democratic form, has wisely decided that the profit motive in industry must be acknowledged as economically correct. The Russian Union of Republics now possesses what no other government on earth controls and dominates—the exclusive possession of all natural resources throughout its vast territory.

This is a priceless advantage and should be kept and maintained as a sacred asset for the benefit of all the people. To that end, no land or other natural opportunity of whatever description, should ever be alienated. Not an acre should ever be sold. If that policy shall be maintained it should be made a distinct and prominent feature of the new Russian Constitution. Surely land monopoly is glaringly apparent in the United States.

Westfield, New Jersey. EDWIN J. JONES.

The "Ism" Craze

Sir:—We are rightfully becoming aroused by the various economic, social, and political problems that confront us to-day. There are many suggestions being offered and many schemes being devised to help solve these problems. We hear much about socialism, fascism, capitalism, nationalism, industrialism, communism, and other isms. We need neither communism nor fascism, neither conservatism nor radicalism to guide us through this crisis. There appears to be no panacea or simple universal solution.

Individually, however, we can do one thing; see to it that our lives are right. Each person who uses a little simple sanity and common sense and places honesty above personal gain, and love as a higher principle than selfishness will help solve these baffling problems.

Tulsa, Oklahoma. VERL A. TEETER,
Chief Probation Officer,
Municipal Juvenile Court.

Plymouth Brethren

Sir:—In "Breeding Peace Martyrs in Cradle," the writer gave an outline of various teachings promulgated by those known as "Jehovah's Witnesses," and other like groups, and states:

> "The Plymouth Brethren, or Darbyites, founded in 1830, hold similar tenets, but pin themselves to no dates."

The writer's statement that they "hold similar tenets" implies that so-called Plymouth Brethren teach such things as he enumerates under his sub-heading, "Mixture of Heresies."

As one identified for the past forty years with this group of Christians permit me to record a most emphatic denial. Our publishing houses in this country, England, and other parts of the world have printed, circulated, and still do, books and tracts which oppose the teachings of "Pastor" Russell and his successors, also of Mormonism, and of Seventh Day Adventism.

Plainfield, New Jersey. JOHN BLOORE.

"Each" and "Either"

Sir:—In the June 20 issue, commenting on the life of John Hays Hammond, you describe him as "with a six-gun strapped to either hip," etc.

Was not this confusing to Mr. Hammond and why did he not strap a gun to each hip, or am I wrong and has the process of corruption proceeded to the extent of doing away with the distinction between "each" and "either"?

H. M. WHITING.
Pine Orchard, Connecticut.

[The use of the word *either* in this case is not to be preferred, tho permissible, to *each*.—*Editor.*]

Slips That Pass in Type

Help Wanted—
I WANT to grow places.—*New York paper.*

Just eat your spinach every day.

A southwest wind blew at eight miles an hour from the northeast Tuesday.—*Erie (Pa.) paper.*

Twister.

Fryers—If you want good fat ones, call Mrs. S———, either alive or dressed.—*Bend (Ore.) paper.*

Well, alive, anyway.

Wanted—Housework by young, reliable girl. To hell with housework and wait on table. —*Louisville (Ky.) paper.*

And teach the children manners.

Finis—
MAN IS FATALLY SLAIN
—*Los Cruces (N. M.) paper.*

How's he doing?

Then, suddenly, he replied to a question from Dr. W———. "Can you see me?" the doctor asked, K——— nodded his head and murdered.—*San Francisco paper.*

We know how he felt.

During the debate, Senator H—— M—— received this telegram:

"Re-work relief bill, 30 per cent graft inadequate. Town can not participate on this basis."—*Waco (Tex.) paper.*

Fifty-fifty or fight.

Young child taken to doctor, but escaped with few scratches.—*Johnstown (N. Y.) paper.*

How's the doctor.

Farmers already plagued by an intense drought, hurriedly carried entomologists.—*Athens (Ohio) paper.*

Double trouble.

A deer was born Saturday in the cellar of a barn on the Harry Reed place on Laurel Way, Norfolk. The lawn is being fed from a bottle. —*Torrington (Conn.) paper.*

It's the drought.

P——— T——— is entertaining the same evening in a similar manner, for her younger sister, E———, one of the autumn debts.—*Philadelphia paper.*

Any interest?

New Canaan boxing fans who saw R——— defeat P——— B——— in Stamford, will attend the card in Norwalk, this evening, when the Norwalk lightweight will attempt dvdl., l'oRvt. . . nd.—*Stamford (Conn.) paper.*

Not that!

In New York to-day considerable sums on both sides were being placed at 5 to 7 against Roosevelt's relection. An unnamed foreigner is said to have bet $00,000 against $600,000 that Roosevelt will not be reelected.—*Glasgow (Scotland) paper.*

A good safe wager.

Our pal: After he joined up with George Washington in the Revolution, Lafayette was practically a commuter between France and the United States. Following his original visit, he came back here again in 1780, 1784, 1824 and 1925.—*New York paper.*

He must have looked a little tired on that last trip.

Government officials, commenting on reports from Geneva that Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg might go before the League Assembly to ask that the Archduke Otto be placed on the thorne, said Schuschnigg is not planning, "for the moment," to go to Geneva.—*Portland (Ore.) paper.*

The European equivalent of sitting on a tack.

The great American breakfast — orange juice, toast and coffee—is an excellent one; but I've decided to start a one-woman revolution to demand variety.

Orange and pineapple juice
(half and half)
Sweet rolls Canadian bacon
Coffee
Htrt3 fwy mfwy mfwy w mfww
Alhambra (Calif.) paper.

Sorry, we couldn't stomach that.

JUNE 22—

A Gentleman who has been absent from his home for the past seven days, is prepared to pay the sum of 50.00 to any brave soul who will act as advance agent and successfully square things with the Little Wife.

JUNE 24—

The "Little Wife" would advise any would be advance agents attempting to square things for delinquent Husband, that after 30 years of married bliss she is not to be persuaded. Come home James and face it like a man.

JUNE 30—

Know all persons interested in our Domestic Troubles, that the Great Reconciliation was effected without bloodshed.—LITTLE WIFE & HUSBAND.
—*Montreal paper.*

Please wire any further developments—breathless.

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